

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

July 23, 2001

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DEPARTMENTS

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ROGERS
MEDIA

Week



Quaint? Kitschy? Whimsical—just don't expect a bunch of rustics when you visit. With more than a million tourists expected to pour into Canada's smallest province this summer, Anne's Island is definitely open for business.



The city the rest of Canada loves to hate lost the 2008 Olympics to Beijing. But even in Hagersen, not everyone was disappointed. According to Toronto author Hal Nadelnicki, too many people were too busy selling the Games—or any coat,



For 10 days every July, this normally buttoned-down city lets loose with an extravaganza of hedonism and lots of Western authenticity. *Madison* presents a special photo essay of some of the people who help make the Sevenside what it is.



— 1998 —

40 IRON JOHN
A crime seeps into the lead's den with novelist John Irving, serious wrestler, campy-kiss storyteller and macho, feminist guy—the angry American who's above Canadian

From the Editor

Welcome to the news Stampede

A nice thing about a weekly news-magazine—as opposed to other forms of journalism—is that daily deadlines limit our be-all and end-all. While newspaper, radio and TV reporters often file stories based almost entirely on the news consciousness they have just attended, each event marks only the beginning for a *Maclean's* journalist. With a week between issues, our reporters have more time to research, make phone calls, and assess the importance and content of issues. Readers therefore can—and should—expect more from us. It's not enough to note familiar facts about familiar events; we have to tell more, or tell the story differently.

As a result, as regular readers know, we've taken several new steps over the past few months. These include more photo essays, contributions by outside voices, and stories different in tone and subject matter than those in the daily papers. We continually look for novel, engaging ways to tell familiar stories.

Of these challenges, the latest is the most difficult, and important—as we were reminded when we considered two news events receiving widespread coverage last week. The Calgary Stampede is one of Canada's greatest annual events: after 89 years, it still attracts huge interest, but there's not much new to say about it—so we didn't try. Instead, we commissioned renowned Calgary-based photographer Todd Korol—who produced the well-received 1992 coffee-table book *Manure*—to do a pictorial profile of the characters who make the Stampede such an extraordinary



Portraits of the cowboy crowd

spectacle. Korol, a frequent *Maclean's* contributor, brought his subjects into a studio for portraits (page 22).

The second challenge was how to provide a distinctive take on the decision awarding the 2008 Olympic Games to Beijing over second-place Toronto. Sports Editor James Duncan, a veteran of the Games, examines the background and consequences on page 31, while Allan Fotheringham explains why, even as others may be surprised by Toronto's loss, he was not. As well, we asked award-winning Toronto-based author and journalist Iral Nadeau to discuss his city's last bid. Nadeau, whose acid-tongued 2000 book *99 most sane too* is a bible to some

over-thinkers, expresses a view you won't hear often in official circles: he's glad Toronto didn't get the Games. While many would say the city's organizing committee worked long, hard and well, Nadeau questions a process that allowed three levels of government to commit hundreds of millions of dollars towards the project without giving people a chance to say whether they wanted it. Let the Games post-mortem begin.

Andy Weir

response@maclean.ca or comment on From the Editor

NEWSROOM NOTES

Critical distinction

Brian D. Johnson, *Maclean's* film critic, first met John Irving in Toronto last March at a benefit for PEN, the organization that defends writers' freedom of expression. Johnson was there to conduct an on-stage interview with novelist Michael Ondaatje, who was double-buffed with Irving to discuss the alchemy of turning novels into Oscar-winning movies—Ondaatje's *The English Patient*, and Irving's *The Cider House Rules*.

Irving, an American, and Ondaatje, a Canadian, have dramatically different styles but they share a mutual respect. In his new novel, *The Fourth Hand*, Irving surprised Ondaatje by using passages from *The English Patient* as a device in the courtship between the main characters.

The Fourth Hand refers to a critic's claim that the movie version was better because Ondaatje's novel was "too well-written." In fact, the line paraphrases *New Yorker* critic Anthony Lane: "It's amazing that even still has a job," Irving told Johnson.



Johnson

The author has a reputation for not suffering critics gladly, but when he talked to Johnson he displayed more diplomacy than belligerence. Although *The Fourth Hand* has received some harsh reviews, Irving was sanguine: "It's a measure of my success that I take pride in my bad reviews. You can't take pride in your good reviews. That's just the lucky coincidence of someone who shares your view of the world sufficiently to relate and appreciate your language and storytelling. Sounds almost Canadian."



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The Mail

Aging gracefully

We can't cheat time. But here we go again, expecting somebody else to do it for us ("Cheating time," *Coves*, July 9). Over time, we change some of us well, others disintegrate, then we die. It is up to us how we live, or don't.

We welcome the purveyors of tobacco, soft drinks, fast food, the entertainment industries. People who have always popped a pill to cure an ill appear unwilling to embrace a healthy lifestyle. If we pursue this approach while continuing our jobs, greedily, selfishly, happily, we're in for serious very rude shocks.

James Coe, Stirling, Ont.

"Cheating time" reminded me of what the old nurse said to the frog "If I knew I was going to live this long, I would have taken better care of myself."

Bill Alexander, Prague

An excellent piece of journalism. It is high time that health care professionals are challenged by the media to look beyond the box. However, one thing that needs to be corrected is that there is still cleanup to be done. Yes, the ugly fossilization seen needs to be taken on so we really can have

clean water. When our so-called health professionals and governments stop pushing toxic waste into our drinking water, communities and foods, we can say we are on the way to longevity and good health.

Fay Ash, Calgary



Since when was aging something to be feared? Will death be the new thing our generation tries to eliminate? Aging is a natural developmental process that none of us can avoid. The real conversation has to be about the daily things we can do to prevent disease and enhance well-being, so that all of us can postpone disability and enjoy a good quality of life for as long as possible.

Patty Schwartz, Judy Tarter and Mirvella Dufour,
authors of *The Healthy Seniors*, Ottawa

'Best and brightest'

In addition to keeping our best and brightest at home, we also need to attract and retain the top graduates from other countries ("The brain gain," *Coves*, July 1). This is almost impossible when significant barriers prevent foreign-trained professionals from practicing in Canada, and universities are forced by immigration Canada to give preference to Canadians in hiring. I know scores of highly trained young people who would love to "choose Canada" but can't because they or their parents were educated abroad. In fact, many of the accomplished people profiled in "30 who chose Canada" would find it difficult to do so today.

David Hinde, Washington

How ironic it is that the last Father of Confederation did not qualify for the list. Not only did former Newfoundland premier Joey Smallwood choose Canada, but he was ennobled to make all of his people owners of this country at the same time.

Peter Hothak, Hempstead, N.Y.

You neglected one very important person who has influenced many generations of people: Ernie Coombs, aka Mr. Desjard. We all love him and miss him to this moment.

Joanette Sawatzky, Hamilton

The country continues to ignore inefficiency in some of our brightest and most dynamic progeny: fine in the welcoming embrace and unwelcome. And, as your article points out, expatriates who attempt to remain are often rebuffed by a gazillion of bureaucratic regulations or a frank lack of opportunity ("The magnetic north," *Coves*, July 1). Nonetheless, in true Canadian fashion, the report ends with an eclectic jumble of idealism and essentially ignores the fundamental issue: in many instances Canada does not value, or rigorously pursue, success. Until there is a cultural upheaval in Canada's academic, governmental and corporate institutions, many individuals who wish to excel in their field will continue to be lured to the United States.

Dr Gordon McKeown, Assistant Professor of Developmental Science, University School of Medicine, Philadelphia

Transfer payments

In "Penalizing success" (July 9), Mary Jannigan contends that Ottawa is penalizing the recent economic success of the Maritimes by proportionately reducing equalization payments. Ironically, she fails to recognize that Ottawa has been "penalizing the success" of other provinces for decades. Despite acknowledging the fail-

Lose some, win some

It's not obviously now that for every Canadian who chooses his or her first choice in seeking opportunity elsewhere ("The brain gain," *Coves*, July 1), there is one non-Canadian making the choice to come to Canada. Perhaps it is time to quit moaning about the brain drain, celebrate the brain gain and rejoice in the freedom to integrate ourselves as productive humans on a global scale. In the heart of Canadian modernism, it is called making the world a better place.

Maximilien Woodard, San Jose, Alta

Maclean's

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ure of the equalization program, the advocates pumping even more money toward June as thousands of Canadians are moving to Alberta to break in to lower-cost success, thousands of Maritimers will move out of their region to find employment where employment naturally exists.

Geoff Smith, London, Ont.

Mary Jannigan offers interesting insights into the politics of how immigrants are treated within Canada. Visually they are particularly apt examples, like announced in 1996 that as part of its Visually they are particularly apt examples, like announced in 1996 that as part of its Visually they are particularly apt examples, like announced in 1996 that as part of its

Walter McLean, Ottawa

Mary Jannigan's "Penalizing success" had never been used by English teachers to describe irony in writing. The article is premised on the idea that the provincial transfer-payment formula is a disincentive to develop sustainable resources in Atlantic Canada. So "penalizing success," the usual cry coming from those grating tirelessly, is instead being used by those who receive those redistributed

leaves. We're further told that these payments create only short-term jobs, rather than lasting growth that would come from renewable-resource development. If the fisheries were considered "renewable," I wonder how long "nonrenewable" last. Finally, this article considers the pillaging of Atlantic Canada's environment to "success." If we truly want success in the East, policy-makers have to abandon, once and for all, the lure of resource extraction and come up with sustainable economic programs.

Matthew Smith, Ajax, Ont.

Border crossing

It's great to have Kevin Newman back in Canada where his talents are sure to be appreciated ("Love it and leave it," July 1). He's

a first-class newsmen and our gain is definitely a loss for our neighbours to the south. However, his reason for leaving American shores seems odd, to say the least. American volunteer: more because they don't, not necessarily because they want to. Look for the volunteer gap between the United States and Canada to close over the next decade.

As for the "hobby" cause the United States has reported, which is noble about the Vietnam War, the invasion of Grenada, the Bay of Pigs? It's hard to feel great respect for a nation that can't even elect its president without five weeks of ridiculous post-election controversy and whose leader, once finally confirmed, decides to go on a massive defence spending spree and work support the world's latest and best chance, the Kyoto Protocol, to clean itself up. Yes, Kevin, there's much to admire in any culture that can produce Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Martin Luther King Jr. and Franklin Roosevelt during our praise. But there's much we can criticize too.

Tim Kelly, Delaware, Ont.

I do want to take issue with some parts of Kevin Newman's article, but only to give a liberal southern perspective. Newman speaks of the American South, racism and segregation. Once he mentions racism, it's only to the American South when it was practiced all over the United States. In fact, real segregation did not occur in the Boston public school system until the 1970s. And America does have an isolationist streak—can you blame us? We had to fight two wars with the British to finally

set our own course, and then fight each other in a civil war. (The War of Northern Aggression, as it is known down here.) Through it all, our governmental systems and society have remained relatively intact. Not bad for a country started by a bunch of misadventurers who refused to pay a tax.

Michael S. McCready, Montgomery, Ala.

Born and bred in Canada, married to an American, having lived many years on both sides of the border, I thank Kevin Newman for his insight. Our three adult children currently live in Vancouver, New Jersey and Uganda. All five of us have dual Canadian-American citizenship. We see the strengths and weaknesses in both countries and we are very grateful for both, but we wish Canadian nationalism was not so often tied to anti-American feelings.

Nelson Adams, Richmond Hill, Ont.

Overture

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Edited by Sharrin Deneil with Amy Cameron

OVER AND UNDER ACHIEVERS

Not a separatist, scout's honour

Ansdene would that be measured by the gullion or fire? Landry would be like M. le president or Vire excellence? And who will hold sway at the CBC?

► **Ray Fugère** Low-profile junior cabinet minister doggedly pushes Ontario's small-arms-control message at UN against U.S. resistance.

► **David Andene** Environment minister becomes gas-guzzling SUVs, but looks for fuel-economy deal with U.S., not made-in-Canada rules.

► **Carole Taylor** Vancouver Board of Trade boss named CBC chairwoman. But will Mosher Corp. president Bob Rubin switch chair power?

► **Bernard Landry** PQ premier discovers "separatist" label on Belgian trip, but blast the sound of "Je m'en fous" for fans of future Quebec seceders.

► **William Shaw** Team, N.S., boy scout, 14, employs Henshiff insurance to save a friend choking on candy at a BILD jamboree. He was prepared.

WANNA BE A COWBOY?

As another Calgary Stampede comes to an end and tens of thousands of tourists leave, Cowboys today with cowboy hats and belt buckles, Maclean's asked locals how to tell a real rodeo cowboy from an urban westerner.

► True cowboys were only Wrangler jeans and not only for the company's long history of sponsoring rodeo events. Cowboys choose Wranglers for their longer rise (the section between waist and crotch) so they have room to maneuver while sitting on a horse.



► Belt buckles are a dead giveaway. Cowboys always wear ones they've won in competition. So if the shiny buckle has only an initial or name on it (without an engraved rodeo win, beware).

The rollicking men of real wranglers

► A true wrangler will never place his hat on a surface other than down. Not only will he lay it down, but it's a casual, off-hand look. Instead, hats are always put down down first.

► Soft-pneumonia come their own "Cowboy." Rodeo performers are extremely loyal to their sponsors (hence the Wrangler stronghold on denim) and will always wear a clean shirt with an unbuttoned top.

► Buckles in boots that have lost their shine are a product of many hours on the stage.



LEGEND OF THE MUD TURTLE

For 120 years, the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club has strongly harboured a Canadian achievement, of sorts, its entry in the 1881 America's Cup challenge prompted a ban of all freshwater yachts from the competition. Still, by virtue of competing in the prestigious sailing event, the day club from Belleville, Ont., belongs to an elite nautical fellowship and holds a spot on the invitation list whenever America's Cup participants gather to celebrate. That's why a group of 13 members of the BQYC will travel to England in August to participate in a regatta marking the 150th anniversary of the Cup.

In the 1881 race, the BQYC crew sailed the *Asatru*, dubbed the Canadian Mud Turtle because it had to be dragged on its side through the Erie Canal to New York City as it was 40 centimetres too wide for the canal. The captain had to recruit a few locals without proper training to assist on his crew, and the boat sailed with a broken

boom during a race. And still, in the best of times, it lost only by a minute and three seconds to the New York Yacht Club's *Missief* BQYC lieutenant Susan Smith explains that the surprisingly strong showing led the New York club, which organized the event, to ban freshwater yachts. The *Asatru* eventually proved itself by winning a series of regattas upon its return to the Great Lakes.

This year, the Belleville crew isn't entering its own boat. In fact, the club doesn't even have a boat big enough to meet minimum requirements for the regatta. Instead, the crew will charter one to race the original 1881 course around the Isle of Wight. Better luck this time.

Orlando French

ADOLESCENT ASPHALT

Grinding with common in her mother's blender could make Greta Gallant's roadworthy. Using recycled plastic curbside found in the home, the Prince George teenager has created a special asphalt that may find its way onto the streets of her home town.

Gallant's project began last year. During a road trip in Vancouver, her family drove through Cache Creek, a little town on the border of the U.S. to find a landfill site. This prompted Gallant to do some research on landfills, which she discovered held an abundance of plastics. Gallant, 14, who is also interested in asphalt—the make of some roads she did in Husky Oil—wondered about combining the two. "I just wanted to see if plastics had been used in the road before," she says. "Glass had been used and rubber had been done." But, according to Gallant, plastics would work better. And plastic is a recyclable material whose rubber is not.

When Gallant presented her findings at the Canada Wide Science Fair in Kingston, Ont., in May, she won gold in the junior engineering category. She also learned that other researchers were working on mixing plastics with asphalt. Nonetheless, the City of Prince George and four corporations are working with the building department on a project to perfect her pavement. While Gallant seems to have a bright future, she says she's not interested in getting rich. "I love science and I am basically in it to help the environment—and for fun."

Rena Kie



Greta Gallant

The rock is a magnificent muse

Perched on a small cliff in Peach Cove, Nfld., is a quiet, multi-level building. This unassuming structure is where hundreds of international artists have found their muse. Two story modern residence spaces overlooking the Atlantic make up the Peach Cove Foundation, a year-round artist residency program. "We named our home an act of hubris," explains James Baird, a St. John's-based artist. "My wife, Angela, and I had a building at the end of the earth that nobody wanted and we looked out the window and said, 'Well, artists would love it here.'"

They were right. Since the Bands opened the space 12 years ago, painters, sculptors, poets and photographers— from every province, more than 20 states, Ireland, Germany and even Bolivia—have flocked to the Rock for a month at a time. (Residents, chosen by committee after sending examples of their work, pay a fee of \$300 to cover basic maintenance.) And of the 72 artists who have resided on



David Alexander, whose painting *Olden City* is featured above, is among those to find inspiration in Peach Cove.

Peach Cove over the past three years, 15 have bought summer homes in Newfoundland.

The Peach Cove program is so successful they are looking into 2003. And when Baird, at a 1999 art exhibition, casually mentioned that all he needed in order to open a second residency program was a building. Doreen Lusher, mayor of Corner Brook, Nfld., immediately offered him the \$20,000 of Marmet as well as \$20,000. Last month, the Corner Brook Arts Residency Program opened so that more may call upon their muse.

GARCIA'S GRAND TREATMENT

Spanish golf sensation Sergio Garcia is so amazingly hot these days that some bookmakers even bet to capture the British Open this week at Royal Lytham & St. Anne's Golf Club, north of Liverpool. Should he win, Garcia will not be celebrating at the local pub. He—along with fellow Open contenders American David Dowd, Filipin Vijay Singh and Canadian Mike Weir—has a 9 a.m. tee time this morning at Angus Glen North Course in Markham, Ont., for the Telus Skins Game. How do you combine top-rated players that it's worth the travel and get up for a 9 a.m. tee time? The \$360,000 purse, of course, and each player a bonus paid in skins to show up. Just as important, the International Management Group, which organizes the two-day Skins competition, paid a large executive fee to shuttle the players directly from northwest England to suburban Toronto. They can sleep on the jet, and since they'll be in England's time, morning in Markham will feel like afternoon. Estimated flight cost: \$300,000. Alternative movie: "It's what he had to do," says an IMG official.



James Kieve left find a use for his new residence does



A case of abduction?

I guess I was an "abducted child." I'd never really thought about it that way until I read *Missing* cover story on parental abduction (June 4). That article and other like it usually see the abductor as the bad guy, but my experience indicates that this is not a fair assessment. In my case, anyway, the situation wasn't so straightforward.

One summer day in 1964, I was playing outside with my friends in what was then a rural area on the outskirts of Prince George, B.C. While my father was away at work, a man pulled up, and my mother came out of the house with my three-year-old brother and a suitcase. She said, "Come on, we're leaving." I said goodbye to my friends, not realizing that I would never see them again. We spent the night in a motel in downtown Prince George and the next day boarded a train to Vancouver.

We left everything behind, except a single suitcase with a change of clothes and a few important papers. We spent many years living on welfare, moving through a series of rental accommodations, always with an unlisted phone number. I was cut off from contact with my grandmother, my uncle and aunts, cousins, even my half-brothers and half-sisters—offspring of my father's previous relationships—even though many of them lived in the Lower Mainland.

I recall seeing my father, Martin Sandberg, a couple of times over the next two years, so he obviously tracked us down, in spite of my mother's efforts to hide. His family knew where we were, because my grandmother always sent me a birthday card containing one U.S. dollar until her death in 1972. My half-sister and one of my half-brothers say they visited us several times in the mid-'60s, but I have no recollection of the occasions. For the most part, the Sandbergs seem to have recognized that my mother just wanted to be left alone, so they stayed away.

It wasn't until 1981, at the age of 24, that I got curious and went to Prince George to look for my father. My mother was not happy about this. "I understand your curiosity," she said, "but I'd really rather you didn't." It just opened up too big a can of worms for her. I guess I wasn't particularly obedient son, because I did it anyway. I checked all the listings under Sandberg in the Prince George phone book and phoned a likely name. I introduced myself to the person who answered and asked if he knew Martin Sandberg. "I sure do," he responded, "he's my grandfather."

That's how I met my half-nephew Kurt. He arranged a meeting with my father. When I met Martin Sandberg, his first comment was: "I knew you'd come looking for me someday."

During the 1960s, I made tentative contact with my family. I met my siblings and some of my nephews and nieces (all of them adults), but I never did develop a relationship with my father. Between 1981 and his death in 1994, I saw him only five or six times. It wasn't until my mother's death in 1998 that I felt able to establish full contact with my father's side of the family. My mother, my brother and I had always been a self-contained unit, but there was a shock of realization when she died that I had hardly any family to speak of. I missed my half-sister on my mother's familial and, to my delight, she came. Since then, Val (11 years my senior) and I have become close, and I've been making a serious effort to meet as many relatives as I can.

None of this changes the fact that I think my mother did the right thing. My father was an alcoholic with a serious violent streak. I'm old enough to remember the fights, the refrigerator turned upside down, running next door to get the neighbor to call my father away from my mother's throat and the visits from the police. For all that, my mother never tried to turn me against my father. She preferred not to speak of him at all, but when pressed she would give what I felt was a truthful account of their relationship. Furthermore, she did a great job of raising two kids as a single mother in the 1960s and 1970s when there was little support for that role—and a stigma attached to it. My

brother and I have both grown up to be responsible, well-educated professionals.

In the end, there were no good guys or bad guys. My father had serious personal problems and my mother was coping from an abusive relationship. Parents in such situations often feel they have no choice in their course of action, and I know they don't act lightly. For me, it's important to know that I make up for lost time. In the next couple of years, I've been accepted by the Sandbergs—they've invited me to weddings, birthdays and other gatherings. I'm 44 years old, and I've finally met my family.

Tim Sandberg, of Calgary, once he's taken every chance he can.



When I met my father he said: 'I knew you'd come looking'

PASSAGES

Appointed: After failing to convince Carole Taylor to run as a Liberal candidate in her fifth federal election, Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has named her chair of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

Taylor, who was the first host of *Canada AM*, will immediately take over the post that was left vacant last November when business executive Gayle Souter quit. Incident reported the job to go to current CBC president and acting chairman Robert Bahlschmidt, who campaigned for combining the two roles, but there were concerns that would offend him too much power. Taylor, 55, leaves her current position as the head of Vancouver's Board of Trade.

Appointed: Jackie Maxwell, 43, has been designated the nine artistic director for the Shaw Festival in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. The native of Belfast, Northern Ireland, has worked as a director and teacher since moving to Canada more than two decades ago. Her most recent work includes directing *Phantom of the Opera* for Shaw Festival. Maxwell will join the festival's team in time for the start of the 2003 season, working with current artistic director Christopher Newman until he retires in November next year.

Escaped: Raymond Boudreau, who is known as the "coccine cowboy," has slipped away from prison for the second time. Boudreau escaped from prison in 1992 when his twin-engine plane, carrying what was then worth \$1 billion of cocaine, was seized by 10 hours by military aircraft. He was later arrested while hiding out in a Quebec forest. In 1998, after escaping from a Montreal prison, Boudreau fled to Colombia before being captured by Mexican rebels and extradited to Canada. This time around, the 53-year-old was serving a 2½-year sentence at the minimum-security Sainte-Anne-des-Plaines penitentiary, north of Montreal. He escaped while on route to a nearby parish to perform volunteer work.



Awarded: Canadian poet and novelist Anne Michaels, 43, has won the Giuseppe Acerbi Literary Award, one of the world's lesser-known literature prizes, for the Italian-language version of her novel *Fugitive Pieces*. The winner is chosen by 130 citizens of Castel Goffredo, a town in northern Italy, and a panel of five experts—who judge from the literature of a different country each year. Published in 1996, *Fugitive Pieces*, Michaels' first novel, has also won the Trillium Award and Boston's Orange Prize.

Awarded: A judge has given Ann Freeman, the mother of John E. Kennedy Jr.'s wife and sister-in-law, the right to reach a settlement with his estate. Kennedy's 38-year-old son of the late U.S. president, his wife Carolyn, 33, and her sister Lauren Rousseau, 36, were killed when a single-engine plane that Kennedy was piloting crashed into the ocean near Martha's Vineyard in 1999. Kennedy left most of his estate to the children of sister Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg. The cost of his estate is estimated at \$150 million.

Won: In his fourth try to win the Wimbledon final at the All England Lawn Tennis Club in London, Croatian Goran Ivaničević, 29, came away the surprise victor over Australian Patrick Rafter, 28. Earlier in his career, Ivaničević lost two Wimbledon finals to Pete Sampras and one to Andre Agassi. This year, Ivaničević earned the most first-round of all tennis tournaments as an unseeded wild card—ranked 125th in the world. He earned the 2001 title with a hard-fought five-set match, edging out in an epic 9-7 set.

Reviewed: George Harrison completed a series of neurosurgery treatments and says he is "feeling fine." The former Beatle, who has a history of cancer, was treated a month ago at the Oncology Institute of Southern Switzerland for a reported brain tumour. Harrison, 58, has also had treatments for lung and chest cancer.

Expected: Tennis great Andre Agassi, 31, and Steffi Graf, 32, are expecting a baby due in mid-December. Graf retired from the sport in 1999.



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BELFAST BURNING

Rioting in Belfast left more than 170 police officers injured. The violence broke out after members of the Protestant Orange Order passed by a predominantly Catholic neighborhood following a parade commemorating the Protestant victory over Catholic forces at the Battle of the Boyne that occurred 300 years ago. Police used water cannons on the rioters for the first time in 20 years.

Financial time bomb

Global financial markets shuddered as Argentina wrestled with a debt crisis that could lead to a \$192-billion default. Even the Canadian dollar briefly fell by a full U.S. cent as analysts worried about a repeat of the 1980s Asia crisis in emerging markets.

No double-dipping

In a decision with far-reaching implications for couples divorcing late in life, the Supreme Court of Canada ruled that Willie Bacon could reduce monthly support payments to his former wife, Shirley, from \$3,200 to \$950.

When they divorced in 1995 after 40 years of marriage, the couple's assets were divided evenly, with Willie Bacon's pension comprising largely of his ill-earned and hefty pension. Upon his retirement in 1997, he started drawing these pensions as his sole source of income and asked to have the support payments reduced. The Supreme Court

ruled in his favor, stating that it was "unfair to allow the payee spouse to reap the benefit of the pension both as an asset and then again as a source of income."

Surviving Jesus

Jesus Abregu, 8, of Ocean Springs, Miss., showed signs of neurological recovery in spite of losing almost all of his

Rioters took to the streets in Northern Ireland

blood in a July 6 shark attack at Pensacola Beach, Fla. Surgeons amputated his right arm, which was broken off during the incident. He had been playing in knee-deep surf with other family members when the 2.1-meter bull shark attacked. The boy's uncle vented the shark to shore, where a ranger shot it four times with a 9 mm pistol. Its jaws were pried open and a firefighter used a clamp to pull the arm out of the shark's gullet.

Blood and tanks

Israeli and Palestinian waged a heavy gun battle in the divided West Bank city of Hebron after a Jewish settler was killed and three others injured in a road ambush. In retaliation, Israeli tanks shelled Palestinian police posts, wounding 23. The increased violence came amid Israeli threats to forcibly remove Yasser Arafat.

The real thing

The faculty of a Bishop's University graduate who had while trying to shake a can of pop out of a vending machine and Coca-Cola, the university in Lennoxville, Que., and the machine's manufacturer and sponsor Kevin Mackle, 19, who had been celebrating the end of exams in 1998, was crushed when the Coke machine fell on him. According to the lawsuit, a design flaw in the machine made them likely to tip over.

Unfriendly fire

A United Nations conference in New York City aimed at controlling the proliferation of small arms can soon be withering fire from the United States on its opening day. In a statement echoing the position of the National Rifle Association—

SEX AND MYSTERY



Gender steps in the spotlight

The case of the late missing senator and the presidential position continued to pop Washington. The investigation into what role, if any, Colville congressman Gray Coad played in the April 30 disappearance of Christine Loevy, 24, involved what investigators feared Coad's apartment for clues, while federal authorities launched an inquiry into whether the congressman had obtained a passport or money for gay party. Coad, 63, initially denied having an affair with her, but finally acknowledged the relationship on July 6 after Loevy's aunt started publicly that her niece told her she had sex with him.

Police launched several raids from Coad's apartment and discovered boxes of blood that were turned over to a crime lab. Police are now negotiating to test conditions under which the California Democrat, who is married and has two young children, would submit to a lie-detector test. The FBI is also investigating a claim by Anne Marie Smith, a 39-year-old flight attendant, that Coad's agent had to sign a statement claiming a 10-month after she alleges they had. Coad's reputation was further damaged when Portland-based attorney Olin Thomas, who resides in Coad's district, claimed the congressman had an affair with his 16-year-old daughter, Amelia.

a major Bush campaign contribution—the United States announced it would not support the draft agreement because it threatened legitimate arms manufacturers and infringed on citizens' rights to bear arms. The United Nations estimates there are up to 300 million small arms illegally owned worldwide.

'Partial dementia'

In what looks to be the last chapter in Augustin Pouchon's three-year international battle with the law, a Chilean appeals court ruled the former tyrant unfit to stand trial by reason of "partial dementia." Accused in 1998 in Brazil at the request of a crusading Spanish judge, Pinochet languished in detention there for a year until a halfhearted diplomatic furor. Upon release, the 85-year-old returned to

Chile, only to be charged with complicity in the murders of political opponents after his 1993 coup.

A general and his men

The Marquis de Montcalm, the French general who died in the battle of the Plains of Abraham, may finally be buried with his troops. Efforts are under way to move Montcalm's remains to a graveyard near the old Quebec General Hospital. The century contains the graves of more than 1,000 French and British soldiers who died in the battle. But Montcalm was buried in a crypt with the Countess of Quebec.

Adoption and the law

A New Scotland Supreme Court judge ruled that a provincial law allowing adoption only by married couples is unconstitutional. The case was launched by a lesbian couple who already have children but claim they were being discriminated against because the province did not recognize both women as legal custodians.

Air wars

With Ottawa's help, aircraft maker Bombardier Inc. won a \$2.6-billion deal to sell 77 regional jets to Northwest Airlines Corp. The deal essentially matched a low-cost offer to Northwest by Bombardier in support of a bid by Swiss rival Embraer. The deal is likely to escalate long-running trade tensions between Canada and Brazil. In April, Bombardier closed another Ottawa-backed jet deal with Air Wisconsin Airlines Corp. worth \$2.35 billion, which Brazil has challenged at the World Trade Organization.

GANG WARFARE IN PARADISE

Tourists went scrambling while musicians strangled the white sand beaches playing to a reggae beat. And then there was the other Jamaica soldiers, backed by helicopter gunships, snarling streets that had been turned red with blood after four days of gun battles between police and residents of the slums of West Kingston. As many as 27 people died in the fighting, which began on July 7 after soldiers entered a neighborhood loyal to Edward Seaga, leader of the opposition Jamaica Labour Party. According to the People's National Party government of Prime Minister P. J. Patterson, the soldiers were sent in to seize weapons and help settle fighting between opposing gangs that had left 17 people dead since April. But according to Seaga, the move was a provocative in-



Jamaicans brace for more violence as an election nears

tended to reduce his lead in the polls in advance of next year's general election by undermining his popularity in the riot-ridden areas.

Violence has been a political fact of life in Jamaica since the 1970s, when both of the main political parties began vying for votes by intimidating voters. That encouraged

the rise of a political gang culture. Now, observers expect more fighting on the election streets. Experts also fear that if the violence spreads it will threaten the country's \$2-billion tourist industry. That would be disastrous for Jamaica, where nearly a third of the island's 2.8 million people live in poverty.



PIRATE SHIPWRECK:

A joint Canadian-Guatemalan team of divers and underwater explorers working off Guatemala's coast last spring found a 17th-century pirate ship, which may have aided the 17th-century pirate as his captives.

Selling P.E.I.

National Historic
Site and home
of the National
Anne Shirley
Green Gables is
a top tourist
draw. Cavendish
also offers
Glenora park-
way in
the (inset)

Today, she'd probably be on *Rush*—or, at very least, deep into agnoscicon shump. The spunky orphan with the freckles, sparkling green eyes and mass of red hair was prone to hysterics, preposterously big words and flights of the most imaginative fancy. Most of all, that girl could talk. Anne Shirley—Princess Edward Island's most famous, albeit fictional, resident—fell into a swoon the first time she laid eyes on Green Gables. "Oh it seems as if I must be in a dream," she gushed to crusty Matthew Cuthbert, as they drew near a house down hilly. "Do you know, my hair must be black and blue from the blow up, for I've pinched myself so many times so not to hit my head—until suddenly I remembered that even supposing it was only a dream I'd better go on dreaming as long as I could."

So what would she think today if she were to head southward Cavendish, P.E.I., and the farm that inspired her creation, Lucy Maud Montgomery's *Cherry Tree*, 93 years after *Anne of Green Gables* hit the bookshelves, she'd be pinching herself black and blue, all right—but for entirely different reasons. What, after all, would the *quaint* of all the lurch along the highway: the Black Magic Indoor Blacklight Mini-golf, the Royal Atlantic Whim Museum, complete with its replica of Elvis and Stevie Nicks' *Tommy* costumes, and Ripley's Believe It or Not museum with its five metre section of the Berlin Wall? What hyperbole would burst from her lips as she passed the marsh, country area and bed-and-breakfast caking in on her name, the *Gift Shop*, *Bagging the dolls*, *Swimming*, *Key chains* and other curios bearing her likeness?

She would still find the farmhouse, lovingly restored and turned into a national historic site. But often these days, she would find it crowded with Japanese tourists paying homage to their country's favorite heroine. (Many of them, including one well-known astro-writer, insist on being married in front of the *Impress* at Green Gables, the same spot where Lucy Maud was wed on July 3, 1911.) And if Anne Shirley were to walk out the back door today, her biggest worry wouldn't be stepping into cow pat or barf dacking, wicker slices from the Green Gables Golf Course next door.

This summer, bearing some unforeseen catastrophe, more than one million tourists will pour into Cavendish's



smaller province. Most will make a beeline to Cavendish on a quest for the essence of Prince Edward Island. On November 10th, the locals will smile warmly, patiently answer questions about their "quiet" way of life and tell their peppy folks to tour-but visitors after an Island experience. "They arrive from the big cities searching for something simpler and more genuine than life back home," marvels Urban Carmichael, a PEI journalist who makes a big part of his living performing for the tourist trade. Some may even find it.

Not, probably, the ones content to don plastic pants at nearby village Indian supper—now multi-cultural ornamental ventures other than local food fairs. Or even the tourists who think the spirit of the island is visible through their car windshields as they peer at windswept farms, white topped church steeples, sun-washed beaches and red earth. For Prince Edward Island is more than the sum of its dishes no matter how deeply rooted they may be.

Forgets, for starters, the island's popular image as some sort of laid-back, naive fairyland. The reality is Prince Edward Island is the first province to have



2,200, compared with around 5,000 in the early 1970s. "It's a sad thing to see these people get out of the business," MacDonald said from behind the wheel of his truck one recent afternoon. "These are people who went to the same church I go to and used to go to my local store. I understand why they leave. But every time someone sells out to one of the big guys, we lose part of a heritage that has been entrusted to us."

Prince Edward Island may simply be too idealized

"This is where you want to be," says John MacDonald at Roka's. But MacDonald, below in his potato field in Augustana Cove, has seen many leave

to spend for its own good.

Since 1981, farmers have expanded their potato fields from 64,000 to 110,000 acres under cultivation. This dizzying growth has resulted in a dramatic increase in pesticide spraying, which is the main reason Prince Edward Island's famous red soil along with its air and water. Brian Campbell, an oyster fisherman who lives in a mobile home a few kilometers from MacDonald, is trying to document the effects of all the chemicals used. Whenever he sees one of the nearby Trigon River, he picks a video camera as well as his flyrod and tackle. His home movies make grim viewing: spiny tracks

working the potato fields only yards from the meandering river; the "toxic" water turned as opaque brown by pesticide killed snail-riddled from the nearby fields, pesticides floating in the air in such thick clouds dreams of putting can roll up their windows.

It's more than just a nuisance on July 19, 1995, following a heavy rain, Camp-



bell broke to find hundreds of dead snail floating in the Trigon—one of 13 fish kills in Island rivers that the provincial government says are directly connected to pesticide use in the past two years. "We lived here about all my life," Campbell says. "These farmers are my friends and neighbors and I know they have a right to make a living. But the use of us are getting an awful price."

Anyone who really wants to make sense of Prince Edward Island needs to understand the deep significance Islanders attach to their land. Such an attitude is natural when settlers have been working the soil since the 1700s. On much of the island today you can still walk into a Galois-style milch, or barn dance, and hear accents that can be directly traced to old Ireland and the highlands of Scotland. Prince Edward Island's intimate link and balance, as much as its gentle beauty, also means a

Montgomery's legacy

Think it's only being the offspring of a literary icon? Well, the heirs of Anne of Green Gables creator Lucy Maud Montgomery want to have a few words with you. Oh sure, it's nice that they continue to collect American, European and Japanese royalties. What's more, the heirs hold the trademarks for any of Lucy Maud's major fictional characters, including the rights for Anne Shirley, which they share with the P.E.I. government. That means they have the legal power to keep tacky stuff like Anne boot means and Martha Cuthbert against lightbulb or marker. And they can also collect royalties from any of the 125-old products approved by the Anne of Green Gables Licensing Authority Inc., a power they were for merchandise produced in Prince Edward Island, but exercise to the tune of five to 30 per cent of the retail price for Anne memorabilia manufactured off the island.

But, as the downsides, there's the trifling number of a \$55-million defence suit that's been dragging through the courts since 1999. That July, Ruth Montgomery, the widow of Montgomery's youngest son, and her daughter, Kate Macdonald Butler, held a news conference in which they publicly criticised Sullivan Environment for allegedly failing to live up to conditions under which Montgomery's descendants sold the Trigon-based production company the television rights to her famous creation. According to the family, Sullivan Environment paid them \$425,000 for the low-screen, feature-length film rights, but hadn't paid them their share of the profits from Anne of Green Gables TV movie series, or from its sequel of the same name, both starring Megan Follows as the precocious redheaded orphan. Sullivan Environment responded with the defamatory suit against mother, daughter and Macdonald Butler's cousin, David Macdonald.

In a separate case, Sullivan and the Anne Authority are suing each other over the question of who, if anyone, holds the trademark to Montgomery's work. The family, at least, has tradition in its corner: in the 1920s, Montgomery fought her own series of every legal battles over royalties with her Boston publisher, J. C. Page & Company. The cases were ultimately settled in Montgomery's favour.

strong influence on its inhabitants. With a full-time population of just 140,000, a thousand or so votes can decide provincial elections. There's something delightfully tiny-like about the historic Charlottetown legislature, where in 1866 the first session of Confederation first met to discuss a federal union. Today, it seats 27 MLAs, just six more people than Ottawa city council.

On a small island, space naturally is limited. The feeling that every new parking lot or factory looms like a mountain on the landscape makes for a fierce protestiveness. When Cavendish Farms Ltd., owned by New Brunswick's mega-rich Irving family, began gobbling up acreage in the early 1980s, the province brought in legislation limiting corporations to owning 5,000 acres and individuals to 1,000. It also restricted out-of-province buyers to holding no more than 50 m of island water frontage.

That hasn't halted the buying spree. Americans now own 30 per cent of Prince Edward Island's vacation properties and, overall, non-residents hold nine per cent of the province's acreage. Figures like that pretty blemish it's the same kind of population as many of them felt when the Confederation Bridge opened in 1997, connecting Prince Edward Island to New Brunswick after decades of being reachable only by ferry. Both sides threaten something fundamental to the island psyche: the sense that they are both separate and different from the rest of Canada. David Wake, an author and historian at the University of Prince Edward Island, calls Islanders a curious paradox. "There is a tendency to envy everyone else, to feel that you have just missed out on being part of it all because of where you live," he says. "But there's also this sense of superiority, that you live in a better place than anywhere else."

Then, of course, is a downside to being all by yourself at the edge of the continent: for services, there's a closeness that ensures



Photo: Robert W. Johnson

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IS MORE THAN THE SUM OF ITS CLICHES, NO MATTER HOW DEEPLY ROOTED THEY MAY BE

only those born on Prince Edward Island are considered true Islanders. Someone like Wade, for instance, who has lived there 55 of his 56 years, is still considered "from away." Such a close-knit place can also lead to stifling conformity. Islanders acknowledge that the desire to keep things as they are manifests itself in everything from meticulous manicuring of lawns to a stubborn determination to remain the only province in Canada whose abortions are not available. Selling alcohol in bars or restaurants only became legal in 1994; electricity did not arrive in most rural areas until the late 1950s and beverages in cafes are still illegal.

But don't make the mistake of thinking Islanders are frozen in time. They're forward-looking enough to have elected in 1986 Canada's first premier of non-European extraction—Joe Ghis, whose parents were Lebanese immigrants—as well as the coun-

gays smile when they bat you," he explained with a wince. "But God they're scary."

They don't sound like the kind of people likely to do a little step dance for the well-heeled visitors. "If they think we are, it's our fault first, asking us they bring their money," declares David MacKinnon, executive director of the Capital Commission of Prince Edward Island, which is overseeing the province's newest tourist attraction—the \$7.5-million Founder's Hall interactive museum on the Charlottetown waterfront. Those words seem to sum up Prince Edward Island's attitude towards an industry that injected \$300 million into the provincial economy in 2000. It's seemed only to agriculture's \$318-million contribution, which included \$140 million from potato farming.

Still, there's a growing concern among some Islanders they're sacrificing too much of their identity to bring in the big bucks from Florida. Catherine Hennessy, a heritage conservationist from Charlottetown, cautions that so. Sitting late one night in her century-old house in the capital's downtown, she says the transformation of Cowshed is only the most obvious example of the trade-off. She lists all the village general stores that have disappeared while trendy craft boutiques catering to the tourists who come for a couple of months a year continue to dot the landscape. Meanwhile, at the Confederation Centre of the Arts in Charlottetown, *Avon of Green Gables*—The Museum's beginning in 37th and white edibles, but conventional arts and theatre groups are starved for funding. "Everything designed to get tourists burns into seats is at the expense of the people who live here 12 months a year," she laments. "If we don't watch out, everything authentic will disappear. We'll be just like everywhere else."

But is Hennessy underestimating the chance of what it means to be a Prince Edward Islander? In the growing what it takes to authentically live on an island in 2001, no matter how hard the times hit? That perseverance shines through on the farms still trying to make a go of it, as well as in the domestic prod and gift shops hoping that the old-fashioned will continue to attract new dollars. You can even sense it in Baby's, a downtown Charlottetown bar where the hip young musicians, writers and painters who want nothing to do with the traditional Island clichés congregate most nights. "It had to be an artist here," says John MacKinnon, 34, a poet who also doubles as doorman. "But you hang in because this is where you want to be." Then he turns to watch a hip-hop artist named Fermented Republic in the rest of the room grooves. A young woman with red hair and freckles gyrates in the ball light, then is swallowed by the crowd. She looks a bit like Anne Shirley might with her hair down, without the pouty braids and schoolgirl hat. ■



Golf, Golf and More Golf

By JOHN DEMONT in New Glasgow

Whenever Kate Hudson, the general manager of the Glasgow Hills Resort & Golf Club, wants to catch his breath, he heads for the course's 17th fairway. "This place can bring you back to reality when the heat is on and you need 20 minutes," he says. From that vantage point on Prince Edward Island's newest golf course he can see 80 km in any direction: the rolling hills dotted with farms, the island's famous red soil, the sparkling waters of river and bay. He hopes the view—along with a stunning design by famed course architect Lee Fisher—will help investors recoup their \$5-million stake in Glasgow Hills. Perhaps best of all is what Hudson can't see from there: the three courses already operating nearby and another in the works—a reminder of just how competitive the fight for golfing dollars has become on Prince Edward Island.

Glasgow Hills, in New Glasgow, 30 km east of Charlottetown, is the island's 22nd golf course. Not bad for a 5,620-square-kilometre province with a year-round population of just 138,000. It won't be the last new course either: proposals for over 20 more are floating around island boardrooms.

That's decidedly more optimistic than a recent KPMG Consulting Services report that concluded the province could support just four more. But golf's big business in Prince Edward Island, where in 1999, the industry injected \$70 million into the economy. So, for now, no one seems too worried about saturating the market. "Our goal is to become the No. 1 golf destination in Canada," declares Ron MacNeil, Tourism PEI's director of development. "The more courses a place has, the greater the overall attraction."

The provincial government has a model in mind: the once sleepy South Carolina community of Myrtle Beach. From a standing start 40 years ago, it has become a booming retirement and vacation mecca thanks in large part to 115 courses within a 110-km stretch. Prince Edward Island first got a taste of the industry's potential in 1993 when the American dealer's bible *Golf Digest* awarded The Links at Crowbush Cove five stars, one of only two courses in Canada to fetch the magazine's coveted top ranking (Highlands Links Golf Course in Ingonville, N.S., was the other). Suddenly, the golf world was wondering where Prince Edward Island was. At the time, the province sported just 12 courses. But with the influx of players

attracted by Crowbush, more courses—including some designed by such respected architects as Stanley Thompson and Tom McIlwain—followed.

It didn't take long for the provincial government to grasp the match: golfers spend, on average, \$180 a day locally, compared with the \$100 non-golfing visitors shell out. The province developed a new tourism strategy around the game, establishing a special marketing co-operative, GolfPEI. Last year, it spent \$250,000 promoting island golf throughout Quebec, Ontario and New England.

Word is getting out: an estimated 175,000 of the island's million visitors in 2000 played at least one round of golf. The cash they poured into local pockets for everything from food and accommodations to golf gear and maintenance makes a big difference in places like Crowbush, and in Montserrat, approximately 35 km northeast of Charlottetown, which are off the usual beaten tourist path. "This course being where it is means another 50 people are working who just wouldn't have jobs otherwise," says Roger MacIver, a former schoolteacher who now manages The Links golf shop. Prince Edward Island is discovering there is more than one way to score on the golf course.



David MacKinnon at an interactive museum, while golfers play The Links at Crowbush Cove (opposite)

try's first and only female film musician, Catherine Calbeck. (Granted, Calbeck could also hold the distinction of being the only woman producer who lived with her or her parents.)

Said and being? Try telling that to the Mounties visibly trying to wipe out the teardrop art of moonshine making that still thrives on the island. Or the CBC-TV producer who in 1993 stepped out of the studio in Charlottetown and at found himself face-to-face with then Liberal bigwig Gordon Campbell (now a Supreme Court justice) who declared him over some ill-advised remarks just made on air. "Bill or I, Prince Minister Jean Charest, who took a producer's pie in the face on a visit here last year." "Represented someone how to bubble to the surface," someone "corrects" (his words). Or the goateed co-owner of the Island Media Arts Co-op. Sitting in his office in downtown Charlottetown one recent meeting, he sported a nasty-looking black eye from a soccer game the night before against a hard-nosed squad from Tignish on the island's western tip. "Those

The old-timers are taking a hard Ray. Speaker, who helped cook up the idea of the Reform party with Preston Manning back in 1987, says the populist movement that arrived into the Canadian Alliance last year has faded under Stockwell Day. Speaker, 65, is watching the unfolding over Day's leadership from his apartment north of Lethbridge, Alta., where in what was the Reform heartland, when he watched ranch country this day summer about matches his rural mood. The one-time Reform MP has

By JOHN GEDDES in Ottawa

precedents. B.C. MP John Reynolds, Day's tough top lieutenant, anchored back to his recollections of the deep rift in the Tory party when John Diefenbaker was displaced as leader in 1957. But even that legendary bitter episode didn't generate plot rewrites to rival the saga unfolding in the Alliance. Strangers of all was Day's revoking of an offer to step down when

his rivals of exit were not readily accepted by dissenters who had left his caucus.

Day proposed that he go on a leave of absence before resigning formally next April. The idea, he said, was to give the party a leading period before plunging it into another leadership contest. The talk broke down over how Day loyalists and his opponents would share power until a new leader was chosen. Then White, the party's co-moderator and top campaign hand, quit in frustration over "the depth of distrust and bitterness on both sides." The Alliance caucus and its party executive were

in turmoil. Day's fate could be decided as early as July 17 at a meeting of Alliance MPs in Calgary, where some are expected to tell him bluntly that he can stay on as an adviser having admitted he was prepared to go. But Day, definitely determined to hang tough, embroiled on a tour of the West to shore up support before the crucial caucus gathering. "It's an inexperienced leader," he admitted before a sympathetic crowd in Blackfoot, Sask. "I made some mistakes. They keep playing those four or five minutes and I say, 'Gosh, I wish I hadn't done those things.'" Day's attempt to

wipe off his shortcomings as rookie slaps, though, as a view rejected by many Alliance members—not only those actively campaigning to oust him, but also many who have stuck with him as far behind. His missteps like the bungled libel lawsuit, the strange story of the spy hired out on the Liberals, and the messy mis-gauged photo ops are weaknesses that few new recruits are overlooking.

The critics assiduously stress Day's emphasis on unity over substance. Jokes and editorial cartoons about his stagey arrival and departure from an early news conference on a Wave Run-

net have long since grown stale, but they defined his stage on the national stage. Even more telling, perhaps, is a story making the rounds among Alliance politicians and aides about a purported conversation last fall between Day and Manning. The version whispered by Day's advisers is that he called Manning for advice on his first speech in the House of Commons. But instead of respectfully asking the elder statesman for guidance on content, Day supposedly had just one question: from Manning's experience sitting in the official Opposition leader's front-bench seat, where should Day look to find the House of Commons TV screens that would be shooting him?

Whether the anecdote is accurate or apocryphal hardly matters. It drives home the contrast between Day's apparent superficiality and Manning's unchallenged depth. André Lacuzta, the longtime Reform politician and former Manning adviser who predicted bluntly during the Alliance leadership race that Day would prove to be an arrogant leader, says the failure to convey any sense of policy purpose is the main reason Day has lost his grip on the party. "He was elected leader based on one thing—defeating Ottawa," Turncoat says. "After he won, just two weeks later, people began looking at him from another angle, saying, 'What else should I follow this guy for? And there's nothing else there.'"

Some old-timers now call openly about appointing Conservative leader Joe Clark

Day's attempts to lay claim to bold policy ideas have tended to backfire badly. When he delivered a key speech at an inauguration in the House, the big news was that he had unanimously reversed important positions taken by his own inauguration critic. When

he announced plans for a referendum among Alliance members on merging with the Tories, many in the party stormed him for improving the union without seeking the approval of anyone outside his small circle of close advisers. True believers in Reform-style grassroots consultation on policy were shaking their heads over that one. Protesters, they declared, would never have

behaved so high-handedly.

But the most serious indicator of widespread discontent with Day's style is that many Alliance members have stopped donating. Clayton Munnica, who was left alone at head of the party's national council last week when his co-president, Ken Kalopou, quit in protest over Day's leadership, told *Maclean's* the party brass will be faced to decide very quickly "where we will reduce spending and where we concentrate our scarce resources." Night after night those discouraged supporters, at the least the dedicated old Reformers, respond with their former enthusiasm if Day left and an acceptable new leader emerged? Speaker doubts it will ever be the same. He has lived through previous waves of Reform populism, and commands they rise and fall in long intervals. "People are going back to sleep again," he says. "We're going to have 25 years of regular government in this country. Political parties will revert back to traditional styles."

When it comes to adhering to traditional party style, it's hard to beat Joe Clark. Like Speaker, Munnica now puts the emphasis on bringing Clark to the table. But the Tory leader is not making to spend his hard-earned political capital on an approachment with the Alliance. "It's not for Joe to say he's not going to do anything until our house is in order," Munnica said. "But the fact is Canadians are expecting us to do something." Or perhaps they are expecting nothing, but a long, long stretch of Liberal government. ☐

The Stockwell Day saga may mark the end of the populist ideal that resulted in the birth of the Reform party

WORSE AND WORSE

talked things over with his old friend Manning, who is otherwise keeping his name out of the story. "We've had some days of long discussion together, and we feel that we changed the country somewhat," Speaker told *Maclean's*. "But, the thing is, we didn't bring it to the final conclusion of forming a government. So it's sad—it was right there."

And now, he says, it's all over. Speaker has come to what is for him a radical conclusion: the time has come to put aside the populist ideal that inspired Reform and was supposed to have been inherited by the Alliance. He suggests throwing whatever energy the party has left into joining forces with the Conservatives, and overlooking the hard truth that they leader Joe Clark—that old nemesis of Alberta Reformers—has the political credibility to spearhead the merger. The new party will be a conventional Canadian electoral machine. Speaker predicts, not another attempt at grassroots democracy. "I'm going up on basic principles," he says. "Once we move to a Tory mix, we lose the element of bottom-up populism, because the Tories want to run things from the top down. But we've got to have an alternative to the Liberals."

Speaker isn't alone in his sense of resignation—and no wonder. Last week, Alliance members use their party name by someone so bitter that political veterans with long memories strained to find





For 10 days every July, this normally buttoned-down city lets loose with an extravaganza of hedonism—and loads of western authenticity

CALGARY'S BIG SHOW

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD KOROJ

TEXT BY BRIAN BERGMAN

For 50 weeks of the year, this is a buttoned-down, wholesome city. In suburbs, the electronic gamepads start clicking open at 6 a.m., dispatching the office warriors. For many, how early they get to work, and how long they stay there, are essential bagging rights. But for 10 days every July, the normal rules don't apply. During the Calgary Stampede—the self-proclaimed “Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth”—the city's corporate masters loosen their grip. At a series of social functions, most of them sponsored by Calgary businesses, employees are encouraged to get in touch with their inner hedonist.

This being Calgary, of course, the festivities start early. At a typical corporate function last week, participants lined up at 7:30 a.m. for their morning elixir (vodka and pineapple juice served in hoof-shaped cups). Denver jeans and shirts and a wide array of cowboy hats are the order of the day, though the col-



phones strapped to many a hip tend to distract from the western look. After scrambled eggs and sausages, washed down with more “kickapoo juice,” the first “yikes!” of the day are being shouted. At this point, some are preparing to slick into work; others are contemplating a full day of sanctioned boozing.

By early afternoon, many of the later

DALLAS ARBAND
IS A WORLD-CLASS
HOOP DANCER;
LECLIE HARRIS
(OPPOSITE, MIDDLE)
CLOWNS AROUND
WITH BALLFIGHTERS
BOB MORRISON AND
T. L. BAIRD (RIGHT)

**THERE IS SOMETHING
UNDENIABLY STIRRING
ABOUT THE STAMPEDE'S
CENTREPIECE EVENT:
THE DAILY RODEO**



**SALLY BISHOP (JUNKE
LEFT) AND LERAN
POLLOCK SHOW OFF
YELLOW TRUCK BISHOP
NEW CARMAERT'S MOVES;
VINCE BRUCE (LEFT)
MAKES HIS ROPE DANCE;
NADE AND GARY REMPEL
GIVE RODEO RIDERS A
HELPING HAND**

have made their way to Desperados, near the downtown Stampede grounds. For most of the year, Desperados is a standard 400-person sports bar. But for Stampede, it becomes Calgary's biggest watering hole, sprawling over 9,000 square meters of tented patio space and serving more than 2,000 thirsty souls at a time. Among the midday revelers is Tim Bowers, a 40-

has a front-row view of the action. Polynick describes the Stampede as "Calgary's version of the running of the bulls or the Mardi Gras. People need a time to work, and this is it." This being Calgary, though, it's not all about fun. Behind the beerchase is a lot of corporate hustle. "There's so much business done over Stampede week," says Polynick. "It's done over a beer and a handshake or a vodka and OJ on a Monday morning."

The Stampede, which many city merchants justifiably dub "Christmas in July," is a big business in other ways. This year, an estimated 500,000 visitors came to Calgary for the 10-day event; together with Californians, they were projected to spend up to \$142 million along the way. Among the out-of-towners was Jack Hanna, an Ottawa-based communications consultant and former Calgary resident who was back last week for his first Stampede in 13 years. In between family camping trips to the Rockies, Hanna made the rounds of several upscale downtown pubs one evening before ending up on the wrong side of the saluicy tracks at the St. Louis Street. A favorite haunt of Alberta Premier Ralph Klein when he was mayor of Calgary, the St. Louis is the sort of unpretentious establishment where the beer flows freely by the jug, the patrons know all the words to the band's hard-luck country songs and cowboy hats don't look so out of place. "Now this," said Hanna, surveying the scene approvingly, "is more like it. It's nice to see some traditions don't die."

In fact, much of what surrounds the Stampede these days is faux western (think Joe Clark is a Station and bolo

year-old software sales executive who moved from Hollow to Calgary five years ago and has become an ardent Stampeder. Ticking off the list of activities—the family peroxide breakfasts, the neighborhood block parties, the blow-out spots like Desperados—Bowers marvels at how Calgary embraces the event. "I don't know of any other city in Canada that has something like this," he shouts over the din. "It's our big urban party."

As owner of Desperados, Oscar Polynick



BUCKED BOSS
WINSTON BRUCE IS A
CONQUEROR OF THE RODEO AND
WAS ONCE A WORLD
CHAMPION BUCKING HORSE.
SHEEPSHEARER DON
METHENAL IS A
CHAMPION IN HIS
CROSSLAND PROFESSION

tie). Still, there is something undeniably stirring—and authentic—about the Stampede's rodeo event, the three-hour rodeo that takes place every afternoon at the big arena. In the best tradition of Guy Weadick, the New York City-born compendium who founded the competition in 1912, the world's foremost cowboys duke thousands of fans by trying to rope, ride or wrestle fast and angry animals that do not want to be roped, ridden or wrestled. Unlike a lot of other professional athletes, these cowboys exhibit class: they don't gloat when they triumph or pout when they lose. This is the true West and, with a little luck, it too will never die. **W**



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MoneySense
FOR CANADIANS WHO WANT MORE

BY SHERRI AIKENHEAD in Halifax

John Hamm is an early-to-bed, early-to-rise kind of guy. But for several days in late June, this Nova Scotia premier's bed regimen was seriously disrupted. He and his fellow Progressive Conservatives were staying around the clock in the legislature, intent on passing one of the country's toughest anti-strike bills. There was (and still is) determined to eliminate the province's \$90-million deficit, and giving in to health-care workers' demands for better pay was no way to achieve that goal. So on June 14, the Tories had introduced Bill 68, which would take away the right to strike of many health-care workers and allow cabinet to set the terms of their contracts. Tempers flared, health-care workers staged a two-day walkout and Hamm came under relentless siege from both the public gallery and the opposition.

BITTERSWEET MEDICINE

berches. "The attack was always on him," notes Education Minister Jane Purves. Still, he never wavered, and on June 27 the government passed Bill 68.

The victory was short-lived. Almost immediately, health-care workers threatened to walk off the job en masse. Within the week, some 1,450 nurses signed letters of resignation, while their union chiefs had in hand, ready to submit. Only then, when confronted with the spectre of a completely crippled health-care system, did the former doctor—Hamm was a general practitioner for 30 years in rural New Glasgow—back down. He agreed to send the labour dispute to binding arbitration, which will suspend the controversial bill's provisions.

Hamm may have lost this particular battle, but his supporters believe he will win a war that extends even more to him—redesigning Nova Scotia's status as one of the "have" provinces. "I don't know how history will judge us on the health-care issue, but he's trying to do what's right," says Purves, a former journalist who cites Hamm as the person she entered politics two years ago. "For him, this issue is emblematic of what he wants

The premier is waging a little war with the health-care workers.



to accomplish overall. If he can't balance the budget, then he won't have accomplished what he set out to do."

Since becoming premier in 1999, Hamm has shown a willingness to tackle tough issues. He's introduced the most expensive of policies and has managed to do so and enacted a law against Sunday shopping. He refused to give in to a California company's demands to change the terms of a psychic contract involving natural gas in Nova Scotia homes, telling them to go through regulatory channels. He has also taken on Ottawa in the hopes of getting a better deal from the federal transfer scheme.

Still, Hamm is in many ways an unlikely candidate. First elected in the northern Nova Scotia riding of Pictou Centre in 1993, he was widely expected to be just a caretaker when he took over leadership of the third-place Conservatives in 1999. But later that year, he led them to office. Opponents say, and in 1999 they formed the government. During an interview with *Maclean's* in his Halifax office, Hamm acknowledged politics is tougher than medicine.

"Every day is a politician there are people who want to lead you down roads you're not comfortable with," he says. "You have to ask yourself, 'Am I a leader, or am I a follower?'"

Hamm is, to all appearances, someone who prefers to carve out his own path. Born in New Glasgow in 1938, he earned his medical degree from Dalhousie University in Halifax, then began practicing medicine in his home town and in nearby Shelburne. He and his wife of 38 years, Genette Hartling, have two children and three grandchildren. And even as house-call-making doctors became a near-extinct species, he made such visits right up until the time he entered politics.

When he switched careers, says Don McIntyre, a former MLA who attended Hamm's first nomination meeting, he certainly didn't do it for the money. "He's probably got the original medal he made," McIntyre says. Hamm, in fact, didn't use a

credit card until he became a politician and had to pay for travel with it.

Hamm, a lifelong vegetarian, is anything but a back-slapping politician. He also has an unusual office on those waiting for him. "He's so serious, no one wants to disrupt his time," says one of the senior bureaucrats in his government. "He's the kind of man you want to respect you."

His political opponents, however, view his earnest convictions in a different light. They complain about his ascetic style of running the government, his unwillingness to consult with union and interest groups, his penchant for reducing complex issues into stark questions of right and wrong. "This country doctor image is carefully cultivated," says provincial NDP Leader

Hamm has a prescription for curing Nova Scotia's ills. Not everyone's willing to swallow it

Danell Deane. "But Bill 68 showed the province that this is a premier with a very hard edge."

These days, however, Hamm is worried less about winning popularity contests than winning respect for his home province. "Nova Scotia," he notes, "has not been on the radar screen in Ottawa for some time." To rectify that, since January, he's made house calls in Ottawa, Toronto and Calgary, where he complained that for every dollar Nova Scotia's new offshore oil and gas industry generates over the next 30 years, 81 cents will end up in the federal coffers. Nova Scotia, his argument, deserves a greater share of the revenues.

At first, skeptical bureaucrats merely wined him back as he went cap in hand to the Liberals. But then he enlisted the help of former Alberta premier Peter Lougheed, the original blue-eyed shik, whose hunter and oil interests led to a 1981 accord requiring Ottawa to aggregate prices and revenues, instead of setting them unilaterally as it had previously done. Now, he's

advising the Hamm government and lobbying Ottawa. Suddenly, Hamm's Campaign for Fairness didn't sound so empty.

Equally important, people outside Nova Scotia began paying attention. In June, Alberta Premier Ralph Klein shocked many Manitowans when he paid a courtesy visit and drew his support behind Hamm's fairness campaign. Basically asking how seriously a Liberal stalwart, former New Brunswick premier Frank McKenna, dispensed with pandering to please Hamm's efforts at getting a better deal. "The campaign strikes a chord with Canadians who recognize their unwillingness fundamentally wrong," McKenna says of Hamm. "On this issue, I think he's on the right track."

But in the absence of that sweetest offshore deal for Nova Scotia, Hamm's primary political track record may be that of the politician who took on the health-care workers—and lost. To some, his headline stand may have

been the biggest miscalculation of his career. "The government's support is primarily in the hard areas," says Leonard Prynne, a political science professor at Saint Mary's University in Halifax. "But this legislative rescue a nerve with people all across the board." One government MLA voted against the bill and others were clearly uncomfortable with it. Purves recalls overhearing Hamm trying to explain to an NDP opponent as the legislature hallway why Bill 68 was so important. Hamm described an ugly strike at the Aberdeen Hospital in that small town in 1975 and insisted public lives were at risk.

"Families were arguing who should get treatment at the hospital and who shouldn't," Purves recalls Hamm saying. Adds Purves: "I thought it was quite troubling because then I understood his emotional attachment to the issue." But lofty ideals don't always count for much in politics, a notion Hamm may be too high-minded—or high-handed—to accept. ☐

WOE TO T.O.?



NOT EVERYONE WAS DISAPPOINTED BY TORONTO'S FAILED OLYMPIC BID. FOR TORONTO AUTHOR **NAK AGHAZADEH**, TOO MANY PEOPLE WERE TOO BUSY SELLING THE GAMES—AT ANY COST

On a snowy winter evening last year, I stumbled into a news conference trumpeting the "Art & Culture" angle of the Toronto 2008 Olympic bid. Like most Torontonians, I had been casually following the bid, reading the newspaper reports, biding under the ubiquitous 2008 logo-formalist banner. So when I was invited to this event, I decided to do my citizenly duty and check out the proceedings firsthand.

Held in the bowels of a Yonge Street theatre, the gathering consisted of bland speeches from bronze medalists and vaguely recognizable virtual artists, the presentation of an oversized game-show cheque from the usually dignified gov-

ernment of Ontario and an ethnically over-represented array of children voraciously displayed-orange-like flowers in a vase. There was something about the commissioning of an official Toronto Olympics song, something about a new camp featuring kids from all over the world and very little about the firing, breathing art that make Toronto one of the most vital cities in North America. The news conference, as staged as a we-as-the-world charity pop song, told me nothing about how the bid organizers would protect Toronto culture to the global masses and to a local bid the organizers' worldwide publicity scheme.

The Toronto Olympic bid was essentially a top-down behind-closed doors by a wealthy elite (is there any other kind)? Concerned that their train not be derailed

by such gaudy, issues as poverty and cost overruns, they got the jump on decisions with a multi-year campaign designed to show us how the Olympics will revitalize the city and make everyone oodles of cash. Not a day went by without us hearing some urban conductor by the Summer Games 2008 marching band glue club. A seemingly endless stream of favourable polls was obligingly regurgitated by the daily press with the urgency usually reserved for shoot-ups and pop stars. Apparently 70 or 64 or 59 per cent of Torontonians or Haligonians or works-to-look teachers or disaffected nannies or guys sleeping on grasses on Bay Street supported, opposed and were desperate to have the Olympics.

Meanwhile, the good people of Toronto

Sing songs over Toronto. Just another stupid day in the city that lost out to Beijing, whose citizens celebrate wildly (below)

Photo: Reuters/Chris Wedel



Photo: Reuters/Chris Wedel

IT WAS NEVER MEANT TO BE . . .

Forget Olympic-minded folks on the West Coast. If they didn't cry real tears for poor old Toronto last week, Fast is, West Coast's just finished second in the race for the 2008 Summer Games—the British Columbia bids. Vancouver's joint pitch with Whistler for the 2010 Winter Games was going nowhere if Toronto had won the International Olympic Committee vote in Moscow, since the IOC would not send back to back Games to one country. So the winners now have the field to themselves. "It gives us the opportunity, now that we are Canada's bid, to start to go forward," enthused Marian Le, chair of the Vancouver-Whistler organization.

Chomp chat, but true: Toronto

now knows exactly what not to do to win the Games. But at least the bidders leaped from their mistakes. They moved the paper and lightened the focus of their presentation to vetting delegations on their way to winning the city a very good candidate. Their team battled gamely to the end, sending red-corded Olympians into the corridors and the news conferences at the IOC session in Moscow in a last-ditch effort to beat Beijing. But moral victories were no consolation for the retailers, sponsors and taxpayers who spent five years and \$20 million trying to convince the IOC that their city was called Toronto the Good for nothing. Top to bottom, they all wanted the big prize. "It kills

your guts out," said Canadian IOC delegate Paul Henderson. Their disappointment arrived with alarming speed. Thanks to a new electronic voting system, it took only four minutes after the second ballot vote began for retiring IOC president Juan Antonio Samaranch to stand at the lectern and, in a few halting words of English, evict the dreamers of Toronto's own apocalyptic if misbegotten supporters. But the 2008 Games was never Toronto's to win. Senior IOC delegates preferred Beijing both philosophically and commercially, despite allegations about human rights violations and public executions. After all, China wanted the Games so much it was willing to commit to greater political reforms, especially regarding human rights. Just as impor-

tant, but the real story here is cities demanding for a variety of budgets.

Throughout the bid process, we citizens were treated not as equal partners with say and a vote, but as minority stakeholders never shown the whole picture. One independent accountant who assessed bid finances predicted a possible \$1-billion deficit. This deficit proved a city council from maddening the bid \$4 to 2 with nothing but the guarantee that the people of Ontario (including, presumably, Toronto) would end up paying up windows and paying the global phone bill after the party. Part Olympics overruns were in the billions. "Successful" Sydney spent at least \$1.3 billion more than predicted, and we would even bring up Montreal.

But, hey, why worry? See this giant cheque? Set the spectacle of Chebys, Harris and Lauman (waiting together for the first time ever) dangling \$1.5 billion in waterfront-developer dollars before the only city in North America whose chronically underfunded transit system runs solely with municipal funds? Now that the Olympics are over, and if you don't like it you can send an e-mail to our Web site and we'll have one of our customer service representative contact you within 48 hours to respond to all your misguided concerns. Just keep your mouth shut in a smile, lay your complaints aside the slowly declining stocks to suddenly plummet.

And aside no misdeed: Toronto's stock has been falling. There are obvious reasons more such as clogging urban sprawl (comes with side orders of thick

bank. In modern sports, the Beijing victory sports a rich market in the sponsors who pay the IOC's bills.

To cement the deal, Beijing's first pitch to delegates had been talked about how the Games would connect 400 million Chinese kids to the rest of the world through sport. It was brilliant. "When I saw the Beijing presentation, I got very scared," said Toronto bid boss John Kimm, adding, "They had so much money to put on the table than we because they are the world's largest country and they've never had the Olympics." In the end, Toronto looked like a nice safe bet while Beijing seemed like a glittering jackpot. For the IOC, that was too much to resist.

James Deacon

smog and traffic snarl, skyrocketing housing costs (would you like higher Scarborough groceries and property tax increases for dinner?) and shabby public services (free with your meal) a scenic side past school fields pleasantly barren of charming after-class activities. We can't hold the bid responsible for all our city's woes. But we can certainly argue that a bid for the Olympics is hardly the answer to a blossomed forced emigration, successive years of riots, poverty and strikes, declining services and rising costs, and professional sports teams that make their prices without debasing the price. Is it any wonder that we Torontoians are tired, exhausted, sickened with a post-Olympics-bid malaise? And who can blame us?

Last week, I left my apartment, passed the man sleeping on cardboard in the alley and waited for the answer not to a giant sidewalk parking lot but to a mere month old (it would only get fixed after someone fell in it). Meanwhile, more than 200 Toronto bid representatives were in Moscow for a final \$2-billion ploy to push the bid. The entourage included Jean, Mike and Mel as well as the standard indigenous people's representatives. (Who can blame the Mississauga of the New Centre native band for accepting a week-free trip to Russia?) Did I mention the 10-night bid ball featuring five bands, laser show and breakfast or an entertainment complex on Lake Ontario?

'IS IT ANY WONDER TORONTONIANS ARE STRICKEN WITH A POST-BID MALAISE?'



Some were dismayed by the announcement of the bid.

So much effort and expense, but for what?

Don't pay the bid builders. Theirs may have been a futile task, but they were well fed, well entertained, well paid. Pity the people of Toronto, whose towns isn't what it used to be, whose unrelenting problems were obscured and possibly exacerbated by a doomed Olympic bid that spent millions convincing us it would be a privilege to lose billions.

After finally being "absent" from the so-called Arts & Culture news conference, I scrolled along Yonge, thinking about a closed-door process that paid preordained homage to discussion and exclusivity while sipping us with the bill for a 600-

page doostop of a bid book, and that much less money and initiative to deal with the new state, arrogant downloading at mayoral gaffe. I was cold and tired. But the snow was swirling around the flailing lights, covering up the houses threatening to crack the foundations. A burly young couple threw handfuls of white powder at each other, whooping and running past the crowded restaurants and bars. This was the energy of the city I love, the vitality that our bid builders figured they could harness to their promises. Withing up the

longer story in the world, I thought to myself. What if we could harness that energy, use it to do what, not deflect, our problems? What if, after a long sleep, we could wake up out of the Olympic bid hangover and finally get down to the business of rebuilding? In a city used to accepted disappointments, we residents of Toronto cling to the past and the future, wait for the present but never to diminish the just another smog warning.

Had Nudavitch's first novel, Ditch, a cybernetic coming-of-age tale set in big-city Toronto, will be published by Random House Canada Ltd. in August.

ELEVEN DAYS OF YOUTH

A world of the foothills of Asia. Toronto 2008 Olympic bid, organizers of another, potentially even larger international gathering have been quietly going about their business. A year from now, Toronto will play host to the Roman Catholic Church's 17th World Youth Day. Right now, planners say more than 100,000 Catholics aged 16 to 35 from 150 countries will attend, with 34 members settling to one million when the Pope

says mass on July 26, 2002. But if history is any sort of guide, the organizers may be overestimating the numbers. The coordinating mass in Cordoba, Spain, in 1991, for instance, drew 1.5 million youths, while in Manila, Philippines, in 1995, the Vatican estimated as many as five million worshippers attended.

Despite its name, World Youth Day is, in fact, an 11-day event. And, notes WYD2002 spokesman Paul Kilbertus, "it's a rehearsal." For the first four days, participants will stay with families in cities across Canada

to experience life in local Catholic churches and take part in social-service projects, such as helping the sick and homeless. Once in Toronto, they will attend sessions on the Catholic faith and personal devotion, as well as enjoy a wide range of entertainment, including concerts, plays and dances. The 6-att event is the papal mass in Downsview Park, site of a former Canadian Forces base. While most visitors will stay with families, in schools or at camps, organizers have reserved 10,000 of the Toronto area's 70,000 hotel rooms.

It's hard to estimate just how much WYD2002 will pump into the local economy. Still, Denver saw a \$187-million windfall from holding the event in 1993. Of course, the goal is not to make the host city, or anybody else, rich. Post WYD events have led to a renewed local interest in the Catholic faith, with more mass beginning the process to become priests, Kilbertus says, and the church hopes the same will happen in Canada. "It's not your standard event," he adds. "We're looking to surprise people."

Bernard Wickham



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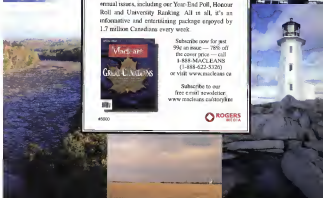
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ROGERS
BELL CANADA





Shoppers are still spending, and may drive the recovery

eration of independent business remains strong. Construction is booming. The service sector is buoyant. Even as the downturn has spread to Europe and Japan, the gloomy Canadian news has remained largely confined to a handful of sectors such as telecommunications and automobiles. The balancing act has been deftly done. "The economy is still on a knife-edge in North America," says Doug Porter, senior economist at BMO Nesbitt Burns Inc. in Toronto. "I am a little more optimistic—but the evidence is still quite mixed."

That guardedly upbeat approach is probably justified—because the U.S. economy appears to be creeping back from the brink. And since Americans bought 85 per cent of Canada's exports last year, exports on both sides of the border have their fingers crossed. The U.S. economy has shown the same narrow weakness as Canada's: last month, 113,000 of the 194,000 U.S. jobs that disappeared went in manufacturing. But good news is emerging: the rate of decline in economic activity actually slowed last month—and in-

vestments are disappointing far.

Economists are now putting their predictions for recovery on two factors: the U.S. Federal Reserve Board has cut its key interest rate by a total of 2.75 percentage points this year—and recent tax cuts have put \$110 billion in consumers' pockets. The resulting spending may pull manufacturers out of their slump. "Recovery will come by the fourth quarter," predicts Don Drummond, chief economist at the Toronto-Dominion Bank. "But there is going to be some ugly news before that."

The economy may have hit bottom—but it is not bouncing sharply back. In the past few weeks, hundreds of U.S. and Canadian firms such as Nortel have missed targets about slumping second-quarter earnings. Investors have become skeptical—and stock markets remain weak. Investors are saying they don't think corporate profits are going to pick up any time

THE JOBS PICTURE

Employment gain or loss since each economy started slowing down (per cent, annualized)



Includes mining, resources and housing in Canada, mining only in United States. Data from January to June 2001 for Canada; January 2000 to Jan. 2001 for the United States. Source: Statistics Canada, U.S. Bureau of Economic Analysis

CONSUMERS HANG IN

Spending growth (per cent, annualized)



Source: Statistics Canada, U.S. Bureau of Economic Analysis

soon," warns Katherine Bourke, technical analyst at Standard & Poor's M&M.

The upturn, in fact, will likely be put to use in the downturn. Canadian economic weakness has caused on the automotive industry the high-tech and communications sectors and some primary resource industries such as forestry. Automobiles are now slowly arriving. Because of generous offers to customers, the lots filled with unsold cars have disappeared—although sales will likely remain well below last year's booming levels. The market for telecom products like Nortel's, in contrast, remains pitiful because business investment has plummeted: output of such equipment dropped by a staggering 53 per cent between October and March.

The spill-over effect has been dramatic: Jay Myer, chief economist for Canadian Manufacturers & Exporters, a 3,600-member Ottawa-based association, points out that the high-tech meltdown has hit the pulp-and-paper industry, newspaper sales have declined in part because Internet e-commerce firms are no longer running

flashy newspaper ads and churning out glossy inserts. "So many different sectors were tied to high-tech stocks," he says.

It is those deep connections spanning industries and nations that inspire caution. David Rosenberg, chief economist at Merrill Lynch Canada Inc., points out that the economies of Europe and Japan cannot rise more than a third of the world's GDP: so no one can be confident about Canada's prospects. Europe sharpens and Japan falls. "The risk is not, does Canada go into recession?" Rosenberg says. "The question is do such factors erode our borders into the external arena?"

Where, the most worrying lesson from this downturn in how much these connections have increased. It's not just declining trade flows that have hit Europe and Japan. Instead, TD Bank economists have concluded that the flow of money is responsible for much of the downturn. Foreign direct investment in the United States—that is, investment that creates a managerial role, rather than a speculative role, in an enterprise—increased by almost 40 per cent per year between 1995 and 2000. Those operations are concentrated in manufacturing, generating 13 per cent of all U.S. jobs in that sector. So when U.S. manufacturing slowed, foreign parent firms were also hit: in response, they often curbed their domestic operations as well. U.S. slumps are now global slumps. And U.S. consumers may be global voters.

There is an irony here. As economist Drummond notes, when the U.S. Federal Reserve began to raise interest rates in 1999, its goal was to curb consumers, to allow household debts to dwindle and savings plans to rise—and to check the firm U.S. appetite for imports. In theory, importers would also—and capacity-enhancing investment would grow. Instead, now that interest rates are low again, it's clear that the opposite has happened. Consumerism remains robust. Debt burdens are high. Savings are insignificant. The trade deficit is at a historic high. Investment-to-income growth has collapsed. "We are going to come out of the cycle with problems that are worse than when we went in," Drummond warns. The recovery may be spurring in a start—but there is little reason to cheer.

Will you change your spending habits in the near future?

Source: Statistics Canada

BY MARY JANIGAN

THE EDGE OF THE KNIFE



Ernie Pickard knows all about the bad news. As a consultant, he tracks the economy like a boxer. He knows that his clients have cut back on their travel and advertising. She has friends who have lost their jobs at Nortel Networks Corp. Her own stock portfolio is not looking very pretty. But she just can't reconcile those dire events with her own business: her strategy consulting firm, which she operates out of her Mississauga, Ont., home, is thriving. Profits in the first six months of this year are comfortably above those in the same period last year. She wonders what is happening out there. How has she dodged this economic bullet? "Life goes on despite the high-tech meltdowns," she

says wryly. "My business didn't overheat or get caught up in the hype. We have just been growing steadily."

Widespread for months of the adverse downturn, for example, as Canadians held their breath, employment and growth in the manufacturing sector have actually shrunk. The toll has been terrible

in the first six months of this year. 53,000 manufacturing jobs vanished—unleashing 11,000 last month. But while the economy has gone flat, it has not slipped into outright decline. Consumers have kept spending—and they represent roughly 60 per cent of GDP. Optimism among the 100,000 members of the Canadian Fed-



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Tech Explorer

Following the sun

Summer is a lovely time to have to contend with snow. But that's one of the challenges facing scientists from the Robocon Institute at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh. The group is on the Canadian Arctic's Devon Island, known for its barren, snow-covered, frozen tundra. They're assembling Mars, to test a prototype of a solar-powered robot called Hyperion. The researchers are collaborating with NASA, developing a robot to explore select planets, but the show in that part of Nunavut is about two weeks late, and snow still covers 40 per cent of the wet ground. That could pose a problem for Hyperion, which, in its current carbon-based incarnation, relies on four thin bicycle wheels it steers for skids. But David Wittengreen, Carnegie Mellon's field leader, says there's enough open ground, including the local runway, to begin testing. "The snow up here," Wittengreen told *Maclean's* in a satellite-relayed e-mail from the island, "is melting fast."

Devon Island is bathed in 24-hour sunlight in late July, perfect for the robot's sun-synchronous navigation system. Hyperion, which looks like a miniature version of the "who follows the sun" robot that moves in the opposite direction of a



Hyperion will and planetary exploration

planet's rotation, following the sun to avoid nightfall. Hyperion's keepers responsible, the over-land route the poles to take advantage of the longer days there. The planet's inclination and seasonal speed are also factored in. This allows the robot, equipped with energy-producing solar panels, to work around the clock, and weeds repeated and potentially damaging temperature plunges associated with nightfall. The mission on Devon Island will help assess Hyperion's ability to detect obstacles, the performance of its solar-power system and how often a recipient human assistance when it detects a problem, such as an insurmountable obstacle or low power. The team keeps a daily diary at www.frc.mcmaster.ca/hyperion

Dude, where's my car?

For those who have a headache for forgetting where they parked the minivan, there's Parking Caddy. Distributed by Delisted International of Markham, Ont., the \$25 key-chain device allows users to input the lot, level and row number of where they parked their vehicle. That's a less cumbersome way of finding the vehicle than hitting the "panic" button on a keyless remote to sound the horn.

There's also a clock with an alarm to warn drivers when a parking meter is about to run out.

Danylo Howatichuk



Ann Dowsett Johnston

In praise of persnickety

When I was 9, my parents made the radical decision to move our family from an small-town perch in Northern Ontario to a remote mountain village in South Africa. As far as they were concerned, it made perfect sense: my father was working in the Transkei region, and we would all have a great adventure. But to me, a bookish kid with glasses who fled her school and her friends, it seemed a questionable proposition. For starters, it was 1961. They were apartheid people in the Belgian Congo. And as far as I could tell from the tiny space in Time, the Congo was pretty close to where we were headed. At least our plane was stopping there to refuel. When Miss Holden, our local librarian, sent home a stack of books with a jungle theme, I felt vindicated: here, in being colour, was page after page of poisonous snakes and man-eating cats, proof positive that this was a bad idea.

But my parents were unconvinced. In 1963, our family relocated to Mount Aspley, a village of 100, and my sister and I headed off to a two-month schoolhouse—full African immersion. By day, we took comfort in our new pet, a frog named Sam, straggled under my desk in boxes with breathing holes. By night, we escaped into a large stash of books from the Albert Bennett Book Shop in Toronto. Occasionally, we would make the hour-long trek to Kokoza, browsing in the tiny book section of Mann Sports & Stationery. (I still have my much-loved copy of *The Princess and the Goblin* with its green Meris stamp.) But our favourite books—*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*, *Southern and American*—came from that little shop halfway round the world. Our pleasure came from Bennett's.

All readers have a personal map of the bookstores they call home. Mine starts with Macmillan's in Victoria, McNally Robinson in Winnipeg, The Bookshelf in Guelph, Ont. Of course, in Toronto there was always Bittell's. But over the years, I added the Book Cellar, The Constant Reader, Nicholas House—and best of all, five little stores within walking distance of my home.

But these are precious times for bookstores: they fall off the map too easily. One by one, all the brave little bookstores in my neighbourhood have closed under and disappeared. Gone is the shop with the exquisite art books, the suburban hangout with great juke, the safe haven for adult fiction. Gone too are all the smart docks, people schooled in much more than the art of shelving. People who could connect the dots between Anne

Dillard and Edward Houghland, who knew the appeal of both Anne Carson and Carson McCullers. And who knew when their place? An upscale kitchen store, a copy shop and a new Tim Hortons. Two years ago, Bittell's closed its doors after 106 years in the business, its remarkable unbroken shopping into a Starbucks, of all things. Believe me, this is not progress.

Now does get me wrong, yes, I have an Indigo Circle card, and if I'm in a hurry I'll use it. But when a store follows a friend, you shouldn't be surprised if it feels familiar. At Indigo, I've learned not to expect too much just last week, I asked a clerk to locate a certain professional gift for an aspiring journalist: the collected columns of Pulitzer Prize winner Anna Quindlen. "Anna Quindlen only writes fiction," she reported, starting at her computer screen. "How about *Black and Blue*?"

At times like these, I know why they invented the word "persnickety." When it comes to books, persnickety is good. "What into any great book store, and you know at least one persnickety person has been hard at work. Take McNally Robinson in Winnipeg, a store with 80,000 titles that is more like a barn, a store with all the amenities of a chain bookstore: "bookshelves," as they call them, to help you. Above all, a store with a strong sense of community—home to regular readings, local book launches and the McNally Robinson Book of the Year Award for Manitoba authors. A place with a heart, a heart and undeniable soul.

Or take The Constant Reader, a gem of a children's bookstore in a suburban house on Toronto's Harbour Street. A store with Virginia creeper crawling around the sign and a jingly bell on the door. In fact, a store with more than a passing resemblance to Mag Ryan's Shop Around the Corner in *White Bird*—before it closed.

Last week, parents were lined up in the counter, seeking advice on summer reading from Joey Kahn, the store's delightfully persnickety owner. When one mother complained that her five-year-old hated reading, Joey's response was unorthodox. "Go to the library and take out your first of very easy books. Trust me, something will stick." The library? "I often suggest they try a book at the library first," says Joey, somewhat facetiously. "The most important thing is reaching the child with the right book."

What a what Joey Kahn does, all day long, as he links shop on Harbour. Every book in her quietly little store, both old and new, is handpicked. And with turn, it's the handpicking that counts. Sometimes, life doesn't turn out to be Mag Ryan movie after all. And for that, we should all be grateful.



THE NEW WARD HEALERS

Terry Crochley tipses to the entrance of a room in an Edmonton hospital gateway way, a nurse by the popular New Age singer. Every playing softly on her portable stereo. Encouraging therapy eye contact from the family sitting bedside, Crochley begins an interactive dance. An arm raised round legs up and undulates dramatically to the music. Pats of laughter roll out of the room, upending the combed. Bouncing, Crochley finishes her dance with a chorus of thank-you's. Next stop, the orthopedics ward, where she'll don a stethoscope to gladden the day of a sickly run who's just had a knee operation and is keen to wiggle her toes.

For six hours each week, Crochley's modern dances perform for patients on nine units of the University of Alberta Hospital. And across other performance belong to Arion on the Wards, so far as they know the only arts-in-residence program in a Canadian acute-care hospital. These actors, poets, musicians and painters wander the wards alleviating pa-

tient boredom, brightening the hospital's mood and stimulating patients' creativity to promote healing. Kristina Diapera, 28, who works on a psychiatric clinic each week, says Crochley's dances instantly improve the room's atmosphere. "It's uplifting," she says. "I've been sitting here for two hours and everyone was doing their own thing. Now, they're all talking with each other."

Health

Since the program began in 1999, the artists have helped grateful organ recipients write touching notes to their donors' families. They've lightened the stress in waiting rooms and painted some of their pictures on windows for patients.

Artists brighten the lives of patients and staff in a unique hospital program

Artists on the Wards is a specialized kind of visiting, says Michelle Rapley, executive director of Friends of University Hospital, a volunteer organization that provides roughly \$80,000 a year for the program. "It isn't about the patient being sick and us being well," she says, "it's about connecting as humans." Psychiatrist Harry Nixon, director of the hospital's psy-

chiatry department, says the program's benefits where an artist establishes a gentle support that draws out creative instincts. "It makes them feel their hope and that some good could come from within themselves."

Artists on the Wards is modelled on a similar program launched in 1991 at the Shands Hospital in Gainesville, Fla. What began as a desire to help patients distract themselves from physical and emotional discomfort has created positive apples throughout the hospital. They staff themselves are relieved to see patients enjoying an attention from the loving artists. Besides, "It calms us down, too," says unit clerk Wendy Harrison.

Now, the program organizers want to introduce music from the Wards. Rapley says she has a vision of a nurse calling someone from the waiting room, "only to have the patient reply, 'Just a minute, I have to hear the end of this story,' as opposed to, 'It's about time. I've been waiting here for hours.'"

Helen Mendels in Edmonton

People

Edited by Shonda Duvall

FROM CHER TO SHARON

Alicia Silverstone says she's trapped in the 13-year-old body of Sharon Spins and is losing every second of it. Silverstone is voicing the main character in a new Canadian-made cartoon, *Beastly*, which centers around Sharon, a ten-grained adolescent, and will begin airing next month on Teletoon. "It is so fun to be able to scream 'I hate you' and just be an eighth grader again," says the 34-year-old actor. "When I was young, I was a huge geek and was always made fun of. I think Sharon is a lot like what I wanted to be then."

In prison, Silverstone inhabits the body of a slender Hollywood star—slendered down after becoming a vegan. And the actor, who came on the scene with her role as the misanthropic but charismatic Cher in the 1995 teen hit *Clueless*, has begun to focus on producing. In 1995, Silverstone started up a production company, Fine Kins, and in 1997 released *Excess Baggage*, in which she co-starred with recent Academy Award winner Renée Zellweger.



Actress producer, again—used eighth grader!

Now, she's working overtime as executive producer on *Beastly*, helping rewrite scripts and choosing first-screening images.

While *The Sweetest Thing* and *The Jesus* up her list of favorite childhood cartoons, Silverstone says they were looking a key ingredient. "They were a lot of fun but never engaging," she says. "What I read to do is make something kids can really relate to. *South of Heaven* means *My So-Called Life* means *My Sister Sam*. In other words, something, like, really awesome."

MOBY'S WHALE OF A TOUR

Ask Richard Melville Hall, aka Moby, why he organized a festival featuring an eclectic list of pop and electronic bands and he'll tell you it's for the good of the industry. "I hope so those people in the music business that most people who buy records and listen to music are a lot more open-minded than they're normally given credit for," he says. That was born Moby's beachside, Area One, a 16-city musical festival delivering a variety of artists in a Lollapalooza for today's youth. The lineup includes hip-hop artists The Roots,

This much beachside is eclectic and polished

rapport Outcast, pop legend New Order, singer Nelly Furtado and a host of electronic musicians including Turrentine. The New Deal, New York City native Moby—named after his group-granville, *White Noise* author Herman Melville—has another motive behind Area One—promoting his favorite bands. "There's a lot of good music," he says. "It's just that the music media music scene to get a lot of the attention."

The festival, which visits Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver, also has a political component. Just as Moby, 35, donated the licensing proceeds from his album *Play*, the festival will generate money for big pet charities, such as Human Rights Watch.

Read more from Moby online
at www.moby.com

LIFE OF BRIAN'S SON

Fewer personifying his worship with plants and one framed picture of his family. Ron Maltzman is giving a best of Elvis and hanging a four-foot-high poster of his dad on the wall of his new TV job. "Our personal lives are supposed to bleed into our work," says the 28-year-old son of former prime minister Brian Maltzman. "My dad's OK with me putting up the poster and the people at the chairman are, too."

A 30-hour, weekly talk show on CTV's new talky cable channel, the chairman is devoted to everything from music and pop culture to news and politics. Maltzman, who has just finished his bar exams, will be arriving from Quebec City to Toronto at the end of July to join the show as one of the five full-time hosts. "So



Maltzman got time to chat

hearts is a lot of time to sit but it's all very casual," says Maltzman. "If something happens in my brother that's interesting enough, I'll talk about it on the show that night."

What he finds most interesting is that much has been made of his "matured" looks and the striking resemblance to his father. "It's flattering but I don't think that says anything about me except a good picture of me was taken one day."

Maltzman will be sharing a house with friends just outside away from the TV studio, and he hopes they drop by the show whenever they can. "Somebody says that I'll be living in the city streets of Toronto," he says. "I didn't even know what 'city street' meant. I had to ask my dad." Not surprisingly, Maltzman Sr. knew the difference.

By Brian D. Johnson



John Irving has a legendary decline for critics, or at least those who have failed to fully appreciate his work. Interviewing him on *CNN Newsweek's* Hot Type, in 1994, Erin Solomon asked some

questions about *My Sister Sam*, Irving's memoir of being *The Outer House* Rascal to the screen. Solomon, a huge fan of Irving's novels, thought their talk was comical, and the author armed his book with "thanks for a great interview" but more than a year later, before and he was still worried. "Why I don't wrap the anamorphosis into a thank Erin Solomon's work," journals who which makes for a living, are even more suspect than those who prey on books. I once politely listened to Irving exclaim an American film critic who had taken issue with *The Outer House* Rascal. Feeling a bit of paranoia, I later looked up my own review of the film, which said, "Something about it seems offhand—you can almost see the fangs of John Irving's insistent labour to deliver his novel to the screen with four successive directors." Yikes.

In *The World According to Garp* (1978), which is about a novelist, Irving wrote that "Garp had a tinacious memory and the indignation of a bullterrier," as well as "a foolish ego that went out of its way to remember insults and objections of his work." Although Irving gets tied by any suggestion that his characters are autobiographical, I had reason to feel apprehensive about talking to him. And as I rode the water taxi from Pointe au Baril to the author's island cottage on Georgian Bay, some 160 miles north of Toronto, I couldn't help but identify with Patrick Hollingford, the hapless protagonist of Irving's new novel, *The Fourth Hand*. He's a TV journalist who has his hand blown off when, trying to catch the roar of a lion in an Indian circus, he thrusts a microphone too close to the cage.

Among the flock of contemporary letters, Irving is one of the more formidable voices. At 59, he is among a handful of serious novelists who enjoy consistent best-seller status,



A simple inquiry about the writer's nature reveals a whole history

IRON JOHN

STEPPING INTO THE LION'S DEN WITH JOHN IRVING—OUR FAVORITE CANADIAN WRITER, WRESTLER, AND MACHO-FEMINIST GUY

both in North America and abroad. A former college wrestler—who competed for two decades and coached until he was 47—he is a gladiatorial sports to the literate, fighting for the arts of America's literary Dickens. Irving has been on a long-running feud with novelists Wolfe, dismissing his work as "a toxic hyperbole described as fiction" and a fierce advocate for abortion and was furious with the Democrats adopting the name in the last presidential election.

Worn-out, tooth-irritating and yawn-worthy with contradiction. With a kind of macho feminism, a vocal champion of free choice that makes heroines of obdurate women, but whose fiction is fuelled by a male libido as robust as Henry Miller's. He sees himself as a 19th-century starry-eyed, but loves to push the boundaries of taste with graphic violence, like an R-rated Robertson Davies. An Oscar-winning screenwriter, he has seen four of his novels become films—and plans to adapt *The Fourth Hand* with *Cider House* director Louis Hallerstein—but boasts he hardly ever goes to the movies.

Irving is an angry American who feels like a stranger in his own country, and who sells romance books in Germany (then in the United States). But he has found a measure of solace in Canada. Since marrying a second wife, former *Conan* publisher Joan Turnbull, 14 years ago (she's now his agent), the New Hampshire-born novelist says he feels closer to Toronto's literary community than to Manhattan. He keeps an apartment in Toronto's exclusive Port Hill, as well as a house in Vermont. And the Canadian landscape has loomed large in his recent books, from the Toronto settings of *A Paper for the Money* and *A Son of the Church* to the last questions from Michael Ondaatje's *The English Patient* in *The Fourth Horse*. Irving, also, seems to have adopted CanLit's name-over-creed housing instinct. In his novels, the promoted land at the end of "Walden Road" promises an odyssey to true love, but is a half-millionaire's range of a dock lapped by a northern lake.

In fact, Irving seems almost Canadian. But like the draft dodger who narrates *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, he remains un-

Books

I don't know where he fits in

says Toronto novelist Barbara Gowdy (*The White Horse*). "He's a little more than himself," she says in a postmodern world, living remains stubbornly unfashionable—a writer of sprawling yarns laced with allusion. "I'll be afraid of losing my readers' interest if I went off to the tongs he does," says Gowdy. "But somehow he gets it to work. He takes an intense interest in every one of his characters, which makes for a kind of busy writing. The primary story is never lost in these detours, and as a result it owns his more coincidence and mystery."

Irving has drawn high praise from authors as disparate as Joseph Heller, Stephen King and the late Marcel Schwob. Critics, however, often roll their eyes at the baroque excesses of his fiction—a caricature

THE NOVELIST WON'T WRITE A SENTENCE UNTIL HIS ENTIRE STORY IS MAPPED OUT

re Irving appeared as Carp with Robin Williams

vil of gray car crashes, amputated body parts, dead children, widows, dwarfs, penguins, animals and adulterers. And in trying to pigeonhole him, they are driven to metaphoric backflips. In *The New York Times*, John Leonard once described him as "Nabokov in peeing thorn."

When I show up at the dock on Georgian Bay, Irving is in character: Wearing a singlet and gym shorts, he comes bounding down the island's white-skin slope of Shield rock to greet his latest visitor. (This is the mandatory beach test. The previous week, journalists from the Netherlands and

the BBC, showed up on the island, "Glenshaw with swear from his daily workday, the apologies for a minor brutality. He looks unattractively fit and boyish for his age, with steel-gray hair and intense, hands-on features. We climb up to the cottage—which has been in his family since her grandfather's time, according to legend, when it is a police post. And after checking the "in" inside person or an outside person," he pulls a couple of chairs onto the sun on the wicker-covered deck overlooking the water. A Lockheed Lab named Dickson leaves watch, barking after Dickson.

Living talks like he writes, in long, looping tangents, and it's hard to find room for questions. A simple inquiry about his tattoos reveals a whole personal history. On his right forearm, a circle encloses a rectangle inscribed in the

ing green as either end. "It's a winding circle of a winding race," then goes on to elaborate the wireless position themselves. Posing to a maple tree above has left collarless says, "That's my wife. It's a V maple leaf because it got rained in it. You don't get raindrops if you're sentimental." Irving explains the positioned the maple leaf so from a scar left by shoulders and a legacy of his wounding cane.

with operations on both knees (each) and an elbow. He is most of the injuries as a coach, ring with two scars from his flange, Colin, now 36, and Bill 32. (He and Turnbull have a more serious old forearm.)

The stories came out of the novel Irving's eleventh novel, *Until I Find You*, which he's now writing. "I was aware what it felt like," he says, "though I'm old enough to be a grandfather I'm not going to change my ways." The hero of *Until I Find You* has a wife who's a tattoo artist and a wayward son who's a church copious. In 1998, he travelled through North America such as Hamburg, Amsterdam and on an oddly double-barrelled mission. "I got to see some great organs, some most beautiful interiors."

The author also ran some hands-on



As his father did, Dring, with wife Janet and son Everett, dies the family combine

trixing with a astroo wine married Hurdle Parley from Amsterdam's House of Pain. "He offered me his wife's forearm," says Irving. "I practiced on grapefruit and oranges, then graduated to fresh flowers. Finally I got to do a cover-up on her arm. I named the name of an ex-boyfriend, Jonathan, into berries and leaves. I made a nest of the 'm,' and made her bleed a few times. You're not supposed to go deeper than a 32nd of an inch."

Although critics attack Livings' novel for being too loosely inspired, and Tom Wolfe says he needs to get out of the house more, his fiction is grounded in scrupulous research. "My process of writing a novel begins with journalism," says Livings, pointing out that he studied an Oll-GYN abortionist for *Under House*, a Vietnam body scarred and a granite quarrier for *Over Money*, and an Indian-born orthopedic surgeon for *A Son of the Circus*. Once the research is done, Livings does not begin the final sentence until the entire story is mapped out, with the ending in place. "I'm not an experimental writer," he says. "I'm a 19th-century style craftsman."

In 1999, Irving had spent a year studying autism and church music when he was suddenly decoupled into writing *The Fourth Hand*. He and Turnbull were watching a TV news item about hand-transplant surgery when Turnbull said, "What if the

donor's widow demands visitation rights?" Irving was up all night. "And 48 hours later," he says, "I could see the whole thing—the ending, how he lost the hand, that it's not the hand that's missing from his life, it's the RF that's missing from his life."

Clothing in at 515 pages, *The French Maid* is much thicker than most of Levay's novels. Influenced by the screenwriting discipline of *The Cider House Rules*, it's the first that doesn't open a generation or two, and trace its characters from childhood. In the spirit of journalism, it unfolds as a continuous rush of events, moving from sharp starts to warm endings. And it's a book page-turner, bringing across that a plot summary of this, or any of his novels, "doesn't sound fit for daytime television, but that's the challenge—to make emotionally what something that, when you just outline it, sounds absurd." Here, too.

After Patrick Willingford, a correspondent for a tabloid news network, loses his left hand in a lawn mow or law-telation, he is a candidate for America's first (faked) hand transplant. Dooms Clauser from Gary, Ind., Wisconsin, volunteers his brother, Otto, as a donor, although he is young and healthy. The hand becomes available when, waking still drunk from an exotic dream on Super Bowl Sunday, Otto accidentally shoots himself just before Willingford craves surgery. Dooms jumps

him to conceive the child she never had with Otto. Famous for the wrong reasons, Wallingford remains a loser celebrity—forever branded as “the lion guy.” And as he is hounded by a series of serial opportunists, including *another* woman who wears his seal, he dreams of sensible Dana and a sun-warmed dock.

Revolving Gery's Jerry Fields, I suggest to living that this isn't his first novel, in which a woman jumps a strange man to get pregnant. "So what's up with that?" I ask, expressing his defenses to the air.

"Jesus, I don't know," he laughs. "Some occurred from a wildish thinking probably I never realize those things have happened to me twice or three times until I'm halfway through the story. The most embarrassing example is when I was writing my first physical description of Owen Meany, of having skin so thin the blueness of veins was visible on his hands and face, this embryonic portrait of someone who looks like he was born too soon. I liked the image enormously. But as I was reading it to Joanne, I said, 'I have a terrible feeling this is something I've read.' And Joanne said, 'You idiot, it's the only way to describe Fuzzy Sense in *The Cider House Rules*.'"

Irving's father dwells on his children, but he says his own upbringing was happily unremarkable. One of three children, John Winslow Irving was born in 1942 in the colonial town of Exeter, N.H. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy, an elite boys' school, where his father taught Latin history. Despite a learning disability—his dyslexia will require him to reread his lips as he reads—Irving made his way through universities from Vermont to Iowa, earning a BA and an MFA, to become an assistant professor of English at Mount Holyoke College in Massachusetts.

At 26, he published his first novel, *Sending Fire to the Winds*, a postapocalyptic tale that drew on his student travels in Europe. But not until his fourth novel, *The World According to Garp*, did he score a major breakthrough. There are now more than 10 million copies in print in 30 languages. Curiously, the very first review he ever read of Garp was by Mordcai Richler, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club* newsletter. Richler wrote that Garp "should be sentenced as a cry of protest against a society that is indifferent to the suffering of its victims...indemned by a disturbing tenderness and a lopsided talent that announces itself on practically every page." Irving says, "That was the first un-

decision this book might have a different slant than the others. Although I didn't know Marlowe very well, I have a special connection to him."

As the success story of a novelist with a flak for melodrama and a passion for wrestling, Gelpi launched his author's career as a host of self-publishing projects. But no matter how much of Irving's life went into the novel, its brilliance lies in pure invention, in scenes like the outrageous collision that shatters Gelpi's family one child dies and the other ungrateful his eye on a lesbian girlfriend in Gelpi's car as he drives it into a parked vehicle where his wife, caught in a flammable delirium, drowns her teeth close through a lover's penis.

Irving's wildly eventful novels make them ripe, almost average, for adaptation. After quick screen versions of *Gelpi* (1982) and *Heart Now Hangover* (1984), and Simon Bess's travesty of *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, Irving grappled with *The Color House Rules*. Before finally making the film with Hallstrom, he spent eight years working on a darker version with the late director Philip Barlow and producer Peter O'Brien, the Canadiana behind *The Gay Pie*.

Just two weeks before shooting was due to start with Matthew Broderick, the film's Hollywood co-producer was in Irving's Vermont home, a converted barn, and asked him to give up his right of script approval. O'Brien, who was close with Barlow, remembers that moment in the kitchen "John stood up immediately and walked out. We waited there for about 10 minutes." Finally O'Brien went out and found their screenwriter in his gipsy, pumping tent. As Irving recalls, "I and I'm not getting out of here until those f---ers are gone. By the time they left, I could hardly hold a knife." Barlow, crushed by the project's failure, died of cancer in 1995, at 42. But O'Brien prefers to say, "I died of *Thermaling*."

The other Canadian who changed Irving's life was Janet Turnbull. An publisher of *Runaway Seed* books, she first met him at his home as a Toronto resident in 1986, which ended with a large dinner party on Queen Street. "There was nothing romantic about it, except I could get her out of my mind," recalls Irving (who divorced his first wife,

Books

Stylye Loay, in 1982). "I spent half the summer thinking about it, then wrote her a letter and said, 'I must be in love with you.' It took very slowly. Everything I slow with me, not just words." But after a first date in Manhattan, he persuaded Turnbull to spend the weekend, and lost no time proposing. "I've never met anyone so confident as he is," she says. "The worst thing is, I didn't think it was really or passionately or emotional."

As Irving's wife, agent and first editor (he made each draft of each chapter to her out loud), Turnbull remains his most devoted fan. "I never tire of listening to him," she says. "Even with 10 other people at the

first. Would I like to read them? he says, then hands them over, carefully squaring the pages. In the living room, beside a half-drawn picture of Van Gogh's room in Ales, I read the manuscript, taking care to go slow, while Irving prepares dinner. Like much of *A Widow for One Year*, the first chapter takes place in Toronto's Forest Hill, around the Bishop Strachan School, Turnbull's elite alma mater. And the second chapter ends with a pistol scene witnessed by a young boy, not unlike the one in *A Widow* I soon for putting the second chapter first, and he seems to agree.

Irving cooks all the family meals, as his father did. As he works on a citrus beer salad with pine nuts, his son Colin, an actor-screenwriter visiting from Los Angeles, composes an appetizer. The author's interview schedule is posted on the kitchen wall.

"How did the one today go?" young Colin asks.

"It's hard to talk about the 'one today' when he's still here," his father says with a smile.

So I stay for dinner, joined by mutual friends from a neighboring island and their loved ones. A teenage dinner party. Several bottles of wine flow. Bessie also did to tell the story about the three-brother lady. It's one of Irving's childhood memories, about trying to sneak into a ridehouse in the age of 11, and he scratches it like a probed caress. He asks me not to quote it, because he is still trying

figure out how to work it into his fiction—"I just can't think where."

"It could have been a good backdrop for *Willoughby in The Fourth Heart*," I offer. Irving laughs. "I could have built a whole childhood around it."

"You could call it *The Third Beat*."

At home, and on schedule, the literary lion finds his inner peace. For a long time, he sat back and let the children run the show. "To give liberty, they get everyone at the table to take turns using like a pig (a ritual that should be deigned at literary dinner parties everywhere). Then, upon the zone, the master of the house opens his throat and unleashes a coagula's snarl. It sounds eerily authentic."

Read more on Irving from *Book 1: Johnson's conversation with John Irving* [HERE](#)

Films

OBJECT OF DESIRE



umbing down literary fiction is stunted operating procedure for commercial filmmakers, as commonplace as firing a writer in mid-project. It's a process captured perfectly in *Love and Delirium*, Montreal director Léa Pool's newly released novel. Toronto author Simon Swain's 1993 novel, *The Wives of Bath* Gene are the novel's 1960s setting and the violence case at its center; gone too are the Chaucerian references to Swain's tale and the main character who saw her classmates at Bath Ladies College as a man. "Twiflins in the kingdom of men," Pool's film is set in the present and her considerably less literate boarding-school girls now identify with *Pier Paul* tribe of lost boys, only they're the last (and definitely defunct) girls. For more surprising than this change is novelist Swain's act of approval. "It's not an adaptation, it's a translation," she says. "A writer misses too much on having the film. Like the book, they'll find up with a bad translation, even a bad one."

Pool's translation was written by award-winning Canadian playwright Judith Thompson and is the director's first English-language film. Like her earlier

*Andreasen went more of the latter: *Pier Paul* (left) and *Pier**

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*Andreasen went more of the latter: *Pier Paul* (left) and *Pier**

*Andreasen went more of the latter: *Pier Paul* (left) and *Pier**

Shanda Daniel

THE FINAL INSULT

Let's be clear about this. There's nothing wrong with moviegoers trying to create "hyper-real" humans—like digital people who don't exist. It's not like they're cloning human embryos. And you, *Final Fantasy: The Spirits Within* does take us into a new era of digital animation. But not even near for their jobs, at least not yet. Based on a video game, *Final Fantasy* is just an interesting novelty, a B-movie destined to be a camp hit for future generations who will find it laughably primitive.

The problem with animated characters who look almost human, as opposed to, say, *The Simpsons*, is that the slim margin of difference becomes only damage-



ing. Our heroine is Aiko, an ex-warrior trying to save the ravaged planet from a cancerous infection of alien "phantoms." But it's hard to stay looking at her face, because it's so lifelike and perfect, with shampooed bangs—and you know that digital hair is hard to do. Then she starts to talk (woodenly voiced by Ming-Na), and it's

like watching a dubbed movie. Other characters include a G.I. Joe hunk (Alec Baldwin), a sage scientist (Donald Sutherland)—and a power-mad military villain (James Woods). *Final Fantasy* employs the latest technology to compare up the most antiquated clichés.

Brian D. Johnson

'IT'S A ROMANTIC THING'

In Regina, the CFL's smallest city, 24,000 people regularly attend every Saskatchewan Roughriders home game. And according to Graham Kelly, author of the new history *Green Gro* (HarperCollins), the Riders are every CFL fan's second favorite. "It's a romantic thing—Saskatchewan people are this country's quintessential underdogs, and other Canadians never do it." Underdog underdog. Tough as a Prairie prairie—over 90 years, the Riders have earned two world wins and endless farm crews—the coast has only the 1966 and 1989 Grey Cup as show facts. (Although the 1989 win, a 43-40 nail-biter decided by Dave Ridgway's last-second field goal, was one of the greatest Cup games ever.)

But hard luck can make for good notes. And Kelly, a 59-year-old Regina native and longtime CFL writer, has an entertaining story—including the one where he took a leading role. As a water boy for the Riders in 1956—his duties included, for remnants of the days before face guards, "keeping the players' face towels in my pocket"—Kelly found the visiting Winnipeg Blue Bombers' playbooks after their practice. He was about to return it—he wasn't—when Riders head coach Frank Hickock noticed what Kelly had. The next day, the Riders displayed an uncanny ability to guess how Blue Bombers plays would unfold as they whupped Winnipeg 42-7. Kelly shouldn't protest too much. His fellow Rider fanatics would have expected as less. As Dave Ridgway, a year-round Regina resident, said of his famous Cup kick: "I just don't see living in the province if I missed."

Brian D. Johnson



Ridgway's glory days



DOWN THE SLIPPERY SLOPE TO SUCCESS

Most stories involving a banana and up with someone slipping on the peel. Mark Simon's tale, however, begins with a fall and ends up with bananas, a new songbook targeting young Asian Canadians. The 27-year-old Vancouverite, who was born in Vietnam, explains that he was hiking on Mount Seymour in 1994 when he fell down the side of the mountain, seriously injuring himself. "I couldn't move," he says. "As I lay there thinking that I

Simon's determination to launch *Bananas* was set on the side of a mountain was going to die, I thought about all the things in life I had wanted to accomplish. This happened was one of them." After his recovery, a campaign retained with help after Ben Loom—Simon started working towards the new magazine, and this spring saw his dream come true. The first issue of *Bananas*, named after a banana

seem for overwhelmed Asians—presents on the outside, while on the inside has sold out on Vancouver newsstands (it's also available in Calgary, Toronto and Montreal). Simon plans to publish the glossy lifestyle magazine, which has a print run of 10,000, on a quarterly basis for now, but hopes to move soon to a bimonthly schedule. "I always knew this idea would work," says Simon. "One day I had to fall off a mountain to get started."



Bananas

Coming a long way

Canadians and Americans who have grown up listening to talk of "the world's longest undefended border" might be surprised at how long it took these two nations to establish the line—or how close they actually came to war over it. *A Good and Evil Measure* (17 of T) by Francis Carroll tells the complex tale of the 4,000-km-long line from the Atlantic to Lake of the Woods. Between the end of the American Revolution in 1783 and the final settlement of 1842, the eastern border was the scene of numerous violent skirmishes. Only the futuristic vision of trade and peace-oriented governments on both sides around 1840 allowed negotiations to succeed. But once established, the line held, and it is now one of the world's oldest unchanged frontiers.



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Innocents abroad

Forelle LaGuardia, as shrewd as a fireplug, used to hang on the back of fire trucks when they roared through Manhattan on the way to a blaze. When the New York newspapers went on strike, he wrote on the radio and read the most popular comic strips to the voters who loved him and raised their papers. Loved him so much they kept him at their boss at city hall from 1934 to 1945.

You can judge a city by the person it chooses to represent it—in personality, in soul. Jean Despres—cruel, arrogant—gave Canada its identity with the finest birthday present ever, the magnificent Expo 67. Followed by the 1976 Olympic Games that Montrealers still remember. They don't complain. Despres remained an icon.

In the tumultuous Sixties, Vancouver kept electing Tom Terrific Campbell, who tried to pass a law banning hippies from the city. Toronto opened its arms to The Tiny Timmy Mayor, David Coombe, who was for some reason pushed aside from the city's Olympics bid he initiated, to be replaced by the usual real estate scoundrel. A city is judged by who's at the top.

It's not so much that the mayor Mel Lastman lost the bid for the 2008 Games. It's just that no one could take seriously a city that would choose someone like him as mayor. He was an embarrassment at the Sydney Olympics, filling in for his face in front of the U.S. network cameras while trying to sneak out of a reception. His cannibal joke could have been predicted considering his back-logged intellect and daily conduct, claiming the love affair that brought on a lawsuit from his alleged illegitimate children was a 14-year "mistake."

All the ridiculous bluff and puff around the Toronto bid was a reflection of the personality of the former refrigerator salesman who talked nonsense so long into so many microphones that Toronto has forgotten what a ludicrous figure he is. As a result, he gathered around him the type of snake-oil purveyors who have given the city such dubious franchises as the Sky-Dome stadium, never up to what it promised to be.

Hailed as one of the engineering marvels of the world with its defying roof when it opened with its great Olympic potential, it could not accommodate the 400-m track required for the Games' star sport. And with its 54,000-seat capacity, it was too small for the National Football League franchise that the Sky-Dome crowd wanted so desperately. And so Toronto taxpayers

slowly realized they would have to build both an Olympic stadium, good for only two weeks, and an NFL stadium as well. Little wonder there was no real public feeling—aside from the derisive Toronto papers—behind the bid that was so funny as the financing.

It named out the advertised 300,000-seat Olympic Stadium, to be built on abandoned waterfront land, would have 80,000 "temporary" seats removed after the Games, leaving a 20,000-seat remnant. For what? No one could explain. The claim was that 74 per cent of the needed facilities were already in place; closer to the truth would be 25 per cent.

Toronto once had its chance to do something worthwhile with its waterfront eyesore.

SkyDome, in fact, sits on land that was supposed to be the city's first public park—killed by political graft and railway greed. In the 1890s, there was a dream of a great park for recreation on the lakefront. Wrecked and rendered by Toronto's surveyors of the time show paths and trees and laughing children on slides.

The naive nature of the 2008 boom-on-passion all understanding. The International Olympic Committee, as any fool knows, is about politics as much as sport. The Toronto delegation in Moscow (which had to guard Madcap Mel) and proffered his presentation only on video) seemed like innocent children wandering in a forest filled with whistles and delects. The delegates seemed not to know that Beijing lost out

to Sydney by just two votes last time and, as the head of the Sydney bid later revealed, those two vital votes were bought from Kirya and Uganda for \$50,000 apiece the night before the vote.

They seemed not to know that the United States, which has only four votes among the 120 IOC delegates, was well represented by its corporate giants eager to get into that market of 1.5 billion Chinese. General Motors and Xerox are among the 20 companies that have underwritten two-thirds of Beijing's massive \$30-million bid budget.

Most remarkable of all, the Toronto innocents—let alone the Toronto papers—never made clear to the poor, confused taxpayer that the Canadian Olympic Association was also backing Vancouver/Whistler for the 2010 Winter Games. What's on fire? What's on second? All this, and Mountie Mel, too. There never was a chance.



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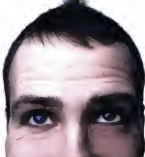
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